Jos D Armitage

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CHRISTMAS COMING.

BY MARY E. DODGE.

Feathery flakes are dancing, dancing,
In the gray morn's frosty gleam;
Heralds they of reindeer prancing
From the gardens of our dream,—
From the bright land of the Elf-King,
Where the bon-bons gaily grow,
Just like sweets of summer-gardens
When the tulips smile in row.

Feathery flakes are falling, falling,
From the skies in softest way,
And between are voices calling—
"Soon it will be Christmas-Day."
Don't you know how in the Spring-time
Wintry snows are scattered wide,
Ere the lovely purple blossoms
Dare to peep from where they hide?

Feathery flakes are sifting, sifting,
Through the chill December air,—
Here, and there, and yonder drifting,
Making everything more fair:
Laying whiter folds than linen
On the houses and the trees,
Softer than the richest damask
Spread our dainty guests to please.

Soon the bon-bons will be falling,
As the flakes have fallen to-day,
And the children will be calling
To their Patron-Saint so gay;
"Ah! we know, when came the snow-flakes,
You would come, dear Santa Claus;
For we always (you remember)
Know the wind's way by the straws."

Soon the trees, as fair as any,
That the elves have wreathed with snow,
Will be planted—oh! so many
In our many homes—and lo!
Something better far than snow-flakes
Shall be hung about their green,—
Candles, toys, and fairy tapers
Lighting up the merry scene.

And the children, dancing, dancing,
Till all tired their little feet,
Shall, with half-shut eyes upglancing,
Wonder, "Why is life so sweet?"
And some tender voice shall whisper,—
Flake-like falling from above,—
"Christmas is so sweet, my darling,
Just because its King is *Love*."

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

Christmas in Four Stories.

BY HELEN W. PIERSON.

Bright, clear and frosty, as Christmas Eve should be. A fierce wind sweeping through the valley of the Elbe made people draw their furs closer about them. It shook with its ghostly hands all the double windows of the Dresden houses, and the gay groups gathered about the magic tree which bears its wondrous fruit at this season, with a new delight in the warmth and comfort within doors. The blast was too much for one thin, haggard woman, who was lingering in the Christian-Strasse. A hundred icy darts seemed to pierce through her ragged shawl, and she reeled against the door of one of the tall houses at which she had been gazing for some moments in a hesitating way. This house was in four stories, and from all its windows light surged out upon the night. The genial spirit of the time seemed to twinkle in every one of them, telling a story of Christmas mirth to every passer-by. But we can open all the doors with airy keys and read the four stories of the house like an open book. The poor woman wrapping her thin shawl about her, hastily rung the bell on the first floor. It is opened softly, cautiously, and a trim maid-servant whispers "Hush!—there's sickness in the house."

The woman looks nervously at the girl. "You know me, Marie?"

"Oh, yes! I know you;" somewhat coldly.

"Is the Baron worse?"

"He will never be better;" in a very low voice.

A sort of triumphant smile passed over the haggard face of the woman. "Won't you let me in, Marie?" she said; "I am frozen with the wind. My children are crying with cold and hunger—there is no Christmas tree in our house. Let me come into your warm room, I will be very quiet. I must see my sister before I go."

"I think that will be impossible," said Marie still very coldly; "but come in. She is with the Baron now, and the priests are there."

"The priests?—is he dying?" cried the woman in an excited way.

"It may be," Marie answered shortly.

All miserable and cold as she was the poor wayfarer took especial notice of the warmth, and light, and elegance diffused everywhere. The door of the lighted saloon stood open, with its grand mirrors and blooming plants, its cabinets of ormolu and buhl, its Sevres vases and French bronzes. The flowers in the velvet carpet bloomed with perpetual summer. She had seen all before, but it never failed to strike a new pang to her heart.

She followed Marie into her own room, which was a snug little nest enough. They had hardly gained it when a knock came at the door, and then a voice calling "Marie!"

"It is the Baron's servant," Marie said, as she opened the door.

"You are wanted!" he exclaimed; "they are about to perform the ceremony."

"What ceremony?" Marie exclaimed.

"The wedding ceremony—you are wanted for a witness."

"Stay!" exclaimed the woman, with a strange joy on her face; "I thought the Baron was dying."

"It is a question of marriage now, however," the man answered with a puzzled expression.

"Then it is my sister who will be the baroness, and I shall assist at the ceremony—it is fit that she should have a friend—one of her kin!" and she deliberately rose to go with them.

"But—Holy Marie!" exclaimed the maid in despair; "at such a time, and your dress!—Madame."

"I am not Madame! I am a poor woman, and so was your Baroness until she sold herself!" the other said angrily; "I shall come—shall I not see my own sister married? It's rather late for the priest's blessing, however."

There was no time for argument. Marie hurried forward: the man-servant was already in the room. Our wayfarer paused on the threshold. No one but the two priests saw her, and they took her to be another servant. She cast a glance about the room, somewhat abashed at the step she had taken. There was a faint perfume in the room like incense. Crimson curtains fell before the windows; the walls were delicately tinted, and over the bed of the sick man Cupids were pouring out roses. Carven furniture of ebony covered with crimson satin gave a deeper glow and warmth, and the light from the chandelier fell full on a large ivory crucifix which stood on the table—a wonderful work of art, in which the agony of the Crucified was wrought out with a terrible faithfulness which made it a pain to behold.

On the bed lay the Baron von Kodenstein, a man still in the prime of life—a man who had drained every cup of pleasure the world could offer—who had lived fast and reached the end already. He was but forty: there was not a silver thread in the crisp black curls—yet he must die. His face was not handsome, it was sallow, sensual and weak, but there was a rapt expression in the eyes which elevated it somewhat. The Baron was going to die:—He had committed many sins which he could not atone for, but there was one for which he could make some poor amends—so the priests persuaded him—he could make Lotta Blum his wife. He did not look beyond. He had always loved her; he had no thought but to leave her all; but the priests looked further: they saw in the woman excellent material for the faith. Lotta Blum stood by the bedside, her hand in that of the sick man; looking in her face you saw the beauty that had won him. The brown silken curls had not lost their satin sheen; the velvet brown eyes were lovely even in tears; the rich cream-like complexion faintly flushed with rose, the full red lips, the round white neck—all the charms which had held him captive were still there, but he was going beyond their thrall. A vivid blush mantled her face as the words of the service began. The priests had told her that her life had been all sin and shame. She had not felt it so before. It had seemed a great honor to her and her family when the grand Baron von Kodenstein had deigned to love her. Her old mother had given her a blessing, and called her the savior of the family—for they were poor, almost to starvation. Then the Baron had insisted on cutting loose from all the hungry horde, and they had given her more curses than blessings since. All this flashed through the brain of the beautiful woman as the service went on. She had the church's blessing now—how would life seem after that? She only threw herself on her knees by the bedside when all was done, and kissed the thin hand, crying "Oh, Louis, Louis!"

The witnesses withdrew, but the woman whose children were crying for hunger, insisted on seeing the Baroness. She said the word with an infinite relish: her tone had grown more assured. "My sister, the Baroness;" what a musical roll it had. Marie, too, felt that there was a change, and it might be dangerous to refuse—so, in the course of ten minutes, a little bell sounded, and Marie took her troublesome visitor into a room all pink and gold—Lotta's boudoir.

Lotta sat there shivering with excitement.—"In Heaven's name, Anna," she cried, "why do you torment me at this time?"

"Ah! what more fitting time?—did you want none of your blood at the marriage? You have triumphed at last, Liebling; I see my own darling in the right place; you can put your foot on the necks of all those that scorned you. *Gluck auf*, Baroness von Kodenstein!"

"Hush! you torture me; Louis is dying," said Lotta, hiding her face.

"Well, he has seperated you from your own—let him die; we will have you home again—the blind mother pines for you. We have had hard times—we virtuous ones; I would I had made as good a bargain as you did. Here I have a drunken fool of a husband and four screaming youngsters, and you—your hands are white as a lily. But better days are for us, *nicht wahr?*"

"How can you torment me to-night, Anna?" the other returned wearily, pressing her hands against her throbbing forehead.

"Have I not waited? What have we had in these ten years while you have fared so well? The crumbs from your table would have made us fat, and you see how fat I am."

"But I did what I could—and against the Baron's will—and your husband wastes all, and there are so many of you—"

"But now, Lotta, now," the other said eagerly, "all will be your own in a few days. Think how poor we are—to-night is Christmas and my children are hungry."

Lotta took out a purse. "Here, take this," she said; "I can do no more."

The woman seized it eagerly. "But soon—soon," she said, "you can do all; the Baron's fortune——"

"I have signed it away," Lotta said wearily; "it is part of the atonement. They said my sin would drag my soul to hell else."

"What?" shrieked the woman in a frenzied way.

"I have given it to the church—they will allow me enough to live," Lotta said indifferently. "I must make my salvation."

The woman's wrath was terrible; her face grew livid; her voice choked and hoarse; she could not believe it—but her angry tones reached Marie's ears; she needed no other summons. And the sick man called his Lotta. Once more the haggard woman stood in the angry blast, looking up vindictively at the great house, shaking her clenched fist at it—while Lotta knelt at her husband's bedside, praying and weeping, and so she kept her Christmas Eve.

A carriage had stopped in front of the house as the wild woman shook her hands with a curse against it. A handsome young man alighted and helped out carefully an aged woman. Both seemed in the merriest mood, and their laughter rang the street. They saw the hag-like form and heard the muttered curses.

"Ho, ho, good woman!" cried the young man, "this is Christmas Eve. 'Peace on earth good-will to men.'"

The woman stared at him in a wild way, and went swiftly by him. He did not pause to look but put his companion's arm within his own. "Now, my dear, my love," he said, "there is ice here: take care of your poor old feet. Do not break your neck before I have the pleasure of presenting my bride to my family"—and both laughed immoderately. Before they could ring the bell, the door opened on the second floor, and a blonde curly head was poked out. "What can keep Fritz?" had been the inquiry for the last hour in the family of Herr Inspector Helder, and no one could guess the conundrum. Fritz was the eldest son, and was studying mining in Freiberg. There was a large family of the Helders, and consequently great preparation for Christmas. None of the grief and shadow of death which pervaded the first story had crept up the broad stone stair-case into the second story of the great house. Here light, and warmth, and love, song and gay young voices abounded. Green wreaths were twined everywhere, and autumn leaves and ivy vines. In one room, closed to intruders, the wonderful Christmas tree had been decorated, and now they were waiting for Fritz. Papa Helder even grew impatient and consulted his watch; Mama Helder's placid face was a little anxious, and there was Franklein Rosentein—whom all the family hoped to see betrothed to Fritz some day—anyone could see that she was growing nervous. Then the younger children—there was no managing them; they were thronging about under everyone's feet, trying to peep through the keyhole, groaning over the delay, growing cross and weary, when the blonde-headed Lina heard a step, and shouted "here he is at last!"

Ah! but there were two steps: one they knew, but whose was that other—feeble and slow, which seemed to hold him back? Lina held the door open, and in they walked—Fritz and a very old woman, with white hair, and an exaggerated cap, and great spectacles, and a long woolen cloak.

"Mama," said Fritz going up to his mother and embracing her, while she stared at his companion as if turned to stone, "this is my wife; I thought I would surprise you with this Christmas gift."

"Your wife—Good Heaven, is the boy mad!" exclaimed Herr Inspector Helder, taking off his spectacles and rubbing them fiercely, as if he expected to rub out the hateful vision.

"This is a pretty reception!" exclaimed Fritz angrily; "Lina—children come kiss your new sister."

"She's not new—she's very old," lisped little Hedwig.

The Franklein Rosenstein was the first to come forward. Bitterly mortified feeling gave her strength. "Welcome, Fritz," she said, "I for one wish every happiness to you and your bride."

"Thank you, Elise: you are a true friend," he said, and the old woman bobbed her head and looked delighted—but had such a cold, Fritz said, that she could not speak aloud, and was somewhat deaf too.

A silence came down like a snow-storm on the company. There was no more laughing, no more jests and happy looks. Herr Inspector Helder sat there boiling over with wrath. If it had not been Christmas Eve he would have shown Master Fritz the door—was it not in Scripture that a man should not marry his grandmother? If they were not tied too fast he would break the knot. If he could not—they might go to the d——ogs for him. Poor Mama Helder settled it in her mind that this was Fritz's *Haus-Frau*, who had nursed him through the smallpox, and he had paid his debt of gratitude by marrying her—but what a heavy price to pay! She tried to say something friendly, but the old soul could not hear her. Fraulein Rosenstein looked cold and proud. The only happy-looking person was Fritz himself, who was all devotion to his aged bride—bringing a cushion for her feet and one for her back; taking her wraps, and bawling every word that was said into her ear. When the family saw how deaf she was, they began to talk freely about her.

"If we'd known she was coming," Lina said, "we'd have got her a pair of crutches for a Christmas present."

"Oh! she walks well enough yet—when she hasn't the rheumatism, poor thing!" Fritz answered, laughing; "and after all, it's the soul, girls, the beauty of the spirit that should win us; what is this poor perishing clay, and what does it come to?—"

"Ho, we see what it comes to!" Lina answered with a mocking nod to the bride.

"The charms of the soul are those which do not wear out," Fritz answered cheerfully; "and bless you, girls, she can knit, and I do need so many stockings! I shall never wear mended ones again."

"Are we going to have any Christmas tree to-night?" cried little Hedwig, almost in tears.

The whole family had forgotten that it was Christmas in the shock that Fritz had brought them.

"Oh! let me go into the room first," Fritz cried; "just a moment or two in advance—I should like my wife to see it before the rush comes."

No one opposed this—in fact all were too stunned to oppose anything, and Fritz conducted his aged bride into the family room, and they heard him shut the other door.

They did not wait long, but when Mama Helder opened the door she did not see the Christmas tree at first, she was so astonished—for the aged bride was no more to be seen, and there stood that mocking Fritz with his chum Jean, whom they all knew. There was a heap of clothes in the corner, and a flowing white wig that told the tale. Lina's cheeks grew rosy; Mama Helder could not scold, she was so happy, and Herr Inspector laughed, and said "boys will be boys," but a weight of fifty tons was taken from his breast. Fraulein Rosenstein resented the joke the longest, but Fritz said something to her when the lights had burned out on the tree which kindled a joy-fire in her eyes that did not go out the whole evening.

In the third story the name of "Fraulein Fliedner, Puty Macherim," might have been read on the door, which being interpreted means a maker of finery. The Fraulein Emilie had, however, put away every sign of trade; on this evening not a bonnet-block, not a ribbon was to be seen—save the rose-colored knot at her neck, and this seemed about the only rose-colored thing that graced her Christmas. The Fraulein was a pale, thin old maid of forty, with something placid and sweet in her face, which had been won through struggle and pain. She eked out a living by letting lodgings. Her rooms were empty now—all but the little [illegible] teacher lived—poor girl! she was a plain-looking, plodding little thing, and the good Fraulein from the depths of her own loneliness felt the desolation of hers, and was preparing a surprise for her. She was putting the last touches to a tiny Christmas tree—such a little one that it could have been planted in a flower-pot. She had also invited the wood-cutter's three children, for the mother had died since last Christmas, and there was nothing for them in their miserable home. And the good woman's face caught a glow from her good work that made her almost pretty.

When all was finished she sat down and regarded her work with a proud satisfaction. The tree had at least ten colored candles on it, and some glorious gilded apples and nuts. There was a man made of figs and raisins—good for more than some men were, the old maid said with a sniff. There were three warm pair of stockings, knit by her own hands, and a lace collar which she had woven for the little school teacher. And on the table was a loaf of the wonderful cake called "stollen," which everyone eats with such a wonderful relish at Christmas time in Dresden, but which to the American palate tastes like bread bewitched. And, moreover, there were five rosy apples—what could one ask more. But the Fraulein passed from satisfaction to mournful reveries—as we are apt to do at Christmas times, and thought of a certain Christmas Eve fifteen years ago, when Gottlieb had said good-bye, and sworn to be faithful. He was going to America to seek his fortune, and then he would send for her. What visions they had seen under the tree that night! What a pleasant, vine-covered little cottage! What an enchanted garden had sprung up under the touch of love—more potent than Aladdin's lamp of old. And she never heard from him again. The vessel was safe, but from her love she had never heard—her ship went down full-freighted with the hopes of her life. Yet she saw her lover so plainly to-night that she stared and rubbed her eyes—when a timid knock came at the door. It was ma'am'selle. The poor thing had a tired look, yet she wore the plain dress with a French grace, and she had banded her brown hair with a blue ribbon, in honor of the day. "This is my only Christmas present," she said touching it. "I hear that Fraulein Athenee, the ballet dancer next door, has received *three* gold watches. How much better if my mother had educated my heels than my head!"

"Oh, my child!" exclaims the Fraulein "think of her life—her character!"

"Ah, well!—is it worth so much—the good name?" with a French shrug, "it brings me nothing but work; I have no pleasures like the young; I am a mere machine; I go to no parties; I spend my time while others dance, in correcting exercises. Ah! I cannot bear it much longer! If my last lottery ticket brings me no prize, I throw myself in the Elbe!"

The good woman is shocked, and talks tenderly to the young girl—but they are interrupted by the children, Hansel, Gretel, and white-headed Everl. The tree is lighted, and then its wonders given out. The happiness of the little ones makes itself felt. Ma'am'selle herself smiles a wan ghost of a smile as she looks at them. She thinks the Elbe must be very cold in winter, and resolves to wait till summer before trying it. Then let us hope the lavish beauty of summer which creeps into all hearts with a blessing, or the fairy prince, whom destiny may award her, will save her from such a fate.

But the children discover something. 'Oh, poor Fraulein Emilie,' they cry; 'you have nothing. The Christ-kind has brought you nothing.'

'Here oo may have my man—but I've eat his head,' said the lucky possessor of the fig man with currant eyes.

'Ah! but my man must have a head,' answered Fraulein Emilie, laughing; 'else he cannot know how to work for me.'

And at that moment came a knock at the door—loud, peremptory and startling. The Fraulein was so surprised she could not open it, and Hansel went. There stood a great bearded man in a fur coat, looking like Santa Claus, the children said. But Emily saw in a moment that he looked much more like Gottlieb, and she sank back ghastly white in her chair. And it was Gottleib, and he was faithful to her—and had been in the wilds of California—and had bags of gold dust pressed down—and explained all—and oh what happiness. So Hansel could ea. his fig man all himself, for had not the Fraulein one with a head on?

There was some one in the fourth story who had been thinking of the Elbe all day, with a sort of sick longing for that plunge in which he should drop all burdens and cares forever. This was the shoemaker Henkle, who had one room on that fourth floor for himself and four children, for workshop, kitchen and dining-room, if even they could be said to dine. There was no sign of Christmas in that bare room—only one tallow candle illuminated it, at which the shoemaker stared gloomily. The children had been put to bed on a heap of straw in the corner. They had fallen asleep with tears on their cheeks. 'God be thanked, my Liza is in Heaven and my Carl in America,' the father thought as he pressed his hands over his aching forehead. Sickness in the family and misfortune had brought him so low. Strange voices whispered to him often now:

"Thou art so full of misery,
Were it not better—not to be."

He sat there thinking of the swift rush of waters which would finish the story. He could not bear it longer: and the children would be better without him; when they had no father pitying hearts would take them in, and his oldest girl was pretty enough to win some good man for a husband. She could go to service then.

He looked at them all with tearless eyes. Carlotta sat near him with as gloomy a face. He would have started in horror could he have read her heart. The iron had entered her soul, and her poverty had eaten its way into her heart. She too had heard whispers, evil voices which offered luxury, gay clothes, a bright home. She was making up her mind.

'It is not dark enough,' thought the father; 'some impertinent fool would be sure to hold me back. I will wait till all the Christmas trees are lighted.'

'I will hold a little longer,' thought Carlotta; 'till my father goes out. The Baron will not be there yet. Oh! mother—mother, up in Heaven! will you ever speak to your daughter again? But what matters it: my life is a hell here, I would rather have my Heaven now, whatever comes after."

And the girl's fair face was full of sombre thought. She stood at the place where two paths meet—she had chosen the broad and pleasant one. But there comes a knock at the door. This time it is a postman. A faint joy comes into the shoemaker's face—a faint hope in the girl's. Christmas which brings so much to others, has at least brought them a letter.

There was light enough in the forlorn candle, God be thanked, to make out Carl's writing, (the boy in America), light enough to see the check which lay folded in the letter. The father's heart leaped up as he saw it. It meant [illegible] lotta, staggered as she saw it. Carl, her [illegible] brother, had sent it, and she blushed for her thought of a moment before. Ah! here was Christmas cheer in the letter, too. Carl had sent for them. He had earned a home in the far West; he wanted all the loved ones. There was bread for all—a husband for Carlotta, so he wrote, and the girl laughed. Ah! it was so long since she had laughed before, that all the echoes seemed to shudder at it.

The father clasped his hands with a silent prayer, as one who has been delivered from death. 'We will begin to make ready to-night,' he said, 'let us begin the New Year on the ocean. To think of my boy having such a heart. My God! I do not deserve so great a blessing!'

'Oh! let us wake the children up and give them a little treat—ever so little, to make them know it is Christmas,' said Carlotta, with a softened heart.

So the father went out. The Christmas trees were lighted now in every house. But he was not going to the Elbe. He went instead into a tempting store with Christmas cheer in its windows, and there he spent the few groschens he had in his pocket.

The poor little ones waked suddenly from their sleep to see the unexpected treasure: gilded nuts and apples, bon-bons and 'pfefferkuchen,' cried out: "Ah! the Christ-child has brought us to Paradise."

So there are no more stories to the house, and nothing more to say.

"England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again,
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.—Among the most fashionable gifts of the season are the pretty boxes of choice stationery, the use of which is obligatory upon those who would be considered within the pale of society, and the cost of which is serious to young ladies who have a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

Square ivory-tinted note sheets, bordered with minute lines of varied color, or with black and gold, and stamped with monogram to match, are among the newest and prettiest styles offered, and are even more desirable than a similar style of note paper stamped with minute, but brilliant little birds and insects, whose wings of gold and enamel are fine as jewels.

A new style of jewelry is offered, but does not succeed in winning high favor. It is made of platinum, set in red gold, and has a checked surface, the squares being finished so as to produce different effects. Neck chains and pendants are rather losing ground, although many very beautiful new styles are on exhibition, but fashion has decreed that the neck shall be dressed very plainly, particularly when the dress is worn high, and the elegant necklets and throatlets, therefore, which have been in vogue so long, are on the decline.

Of rings, hardly any are sold for ladies but diamonds and amethysts, panel-shaped, elaborately set and mounted with brilliants, either in monogram or small flower patterns. Gentlemen are reviving cameo, and the antique heads, finely cut, bring high prices.

Chatelain bags for ladies are more strictly fashionable than ever, but they are more costly and more permanent. They are made of black velvet, with silver mountings or of solid silver, richly chased and ornamented. Besides the bag, a lovely little mirror, set in a silver frame, is hung from a pendant chain, and also a small powder flask.

Chantelaines were made in silver, and even in solid gold several years ago, when the revival of this appendage first took place, but ladies were so afraid at that time that the fashion would not last long enough to warrant the expenditure that few were purchased, and much of the stock therefore remains, which may now be turned to account, for a handsome chatelaine of solid silver, to which bag, fan and any other accessories may be attached, is a very desirable possession, and one to which the most fastidious will not object.

"Cast Iron Sinks," is written upon the sign of a printer's material dealer. "Well, who (hic) said it didn't?" chuckled an inebriated man after reading it over three times.

Inscription for the tombs—who enters here leaves soap behind.

The only man in the world who doesn't deserve a loaf—the loafer.

A time to run—when you are in a hurry.

From the Boston Transcript.

SANTY AT HOME.

BY W. W. BAILEY.

Old Santy lives in a cave of ice,
Adorned with many a strange device;
For where the Catskill Mountains high
Uprear their summits to the sky,
With frosty pinnacle and tower,
He dwells within a secret bower.

'Tis here he makes the wondrous toys
To please the hearts of girls and boys.
Here dolls and hoops and candles, too,
With balls and books exposed to view;
And Christmas trees, all cut to size,
Delight the marvelling stranger's eyes.

A thousand lamps of crystal gleam
One sees as in a fairy dream;
For ne'er could chandelier of glass
These frosty ones in hue surpass;
Nor could a human mirror show
These changing colors of the bow.

Here curious dwarfs, with skilful hand,
At workshop tables seem to stand,
While one, the leader of them all,
With folded arms surveys the hall;
And in a little note book takes
A record of what each one makes.

No married man is Santy, he,
Delights to work for you and me;
And when the summer days are hot
He toils within his mountain grot;
For well he knows the children may
Expect him on next Christmas Day.

And when at length the time comes round
There's nearly always something found,
But few who gain a Christmas gift
Have toiled o'er mountain, rock and drift
To see where Santy makes the things
Which every year he kindly brings.

THE MOUNTAIN SHANTY.

A Christmas Story.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

'You are to carry the valise to the depot, Joe, and have it checked—or, no; wait there until I come; you'll be sure to make a mistake. I wish'—and Walter Ducliff turned from the footman to his mother—'I wish the time had come when machines could take the place of servants. One advantage in a machine is, that you know its capacity; it doesn't make pretensions to being a rational human being, and then fail at the critical moment.'

Mrs. Ducliff, a fair, delicate woman, who was drawn close to the fire with a velvet mantle wrapped about her, shook her head gently, and when the man was gone said:

'Walter, indeed you have too little consideration for the feeling of your inferiors. There was no need to mortify the man in that manner.'

'Bless you heart, mother, you know nothing about that kind of people. Joe didn't understand, and if he had, he would not have cared. I pay him high wages, and there's not a day when he doesn't have an odd half-dollar or fall heir to some of my boots or clothes. That's all he needs for happiness.'

'Joe's feelings at bottom are the same as ours, my son.'

'I beg your pardon,' flushing hotly, 'but that I can not believe. The lower classes, black and white, have been hardened by generations of need and hard work. Now, your tastes and emotions have come to you through many lives of ease and culture; they lost theirs, if they ever had them, in the fight for daily bread. The music or noble thought that would stir your soul to its depths would fall off from Joe as a drop of water from an alligator's back.'

Walter had fallen into a sort of oratorical twang which he had brought with him from college. He was absolutely sure of his opinions as boys and girls of seventeen usually are, and liked to set them forth fitly in plenty of words.

'You are too vain of your birth, my dear,' said his mother quietly. 'You will feel differently when you are older.'

Now, Walter did not like to be reminded that he could ever grow older or wiser. He [illegible] 'Somehow, is it possible you mean to say that the material of a man's character and life does not largely depend on his birth? Why look up here at these faces of my ancestors; they have borne a high, honorable part in the history of civilization, in politics, art, and literature. I begin every day feeling that their eyes are on me. I'm glad and proud,' picking up a pen and flourishing it over a blank book, 'that the name I write is the same they bore; that it is their very blood which flows in my veins. What has Joe to remember beyond two nameless slaves who were his father and mother?'

'All very true, Walter. Yet 'God made of one blood all the people of the earth,' and some of these days you will recognize your kinsmen, I think. It is nearly time for the train, isn't it dear?'

'It's quite time,' glancing at his watch. He drew on his furred overcoat, and unconsciously passed his finger over the waxed ends of his very small mustache. 'Good by, mother, darling. I'll write from Harrisburg. I do hope I may manage the business well and satisfy father.'

'No fear of that, Walty.'

She held him a moment, as he stooped to kiss her, with her hands on each side of his face, looking fondly at his delicate features and clear, intelligent eyes.

'God send you safely home, my son. You'll try and be back for Christmas? There is the ball at your cousin's, and—you are all of my holiday, remember!'

'Oh! I'll be back; I'll not fail in that, whatever comes,' and then, with another hasty kiss he was gone, springing down the stairs, trolling out some college catch.

Nature had given him a clear tenor voice, of which he was not a little proud. Indeed, he thought sometimes, justly enough, that nature had given to him her best material, and that it would be his own fault if he turned out a failure and not one of the foremost class of men.

He had just left college, and had been taken into his father's counting-room as confidential clerk. This was his first journey on the business of the firm, and he had a shrewd suspicion it was meant to test his capacity. He was quite sure of it from the fact that Sanders, the old cashier, met him at the depot, and placed in his hands the sealed paper of instructions instead of sending it by a messenger.

'Don't neglect any trifle, Mr. Walter,' said the old man, significantly. 'Your father requires absolute presision in the least clerk, and he'll require it more in any one who wishes to be his partner.'

Walter nodded, buttoned up the package in his breast, and in a few moments was whizzing away across the snow-covered fields.

The business for a week or two was easy and pleasant enough. Money was to be collected and remitted by draft. The hotels at Harrisburgh and Johnstown were comfortable. Walter had plenty of money, and threw it about like a young lord. He was a generous, frank, genial fellow with his equals; and 'the Ducliffs, of Philadelphia,' he wrote to his mother, 'had the *entree*, of course, to the best society everywhere.' His last work was the settlement of some claims in the mountain counties; then he could go home. These people with whom he had now to deal had never heard of the Ducliffs; but they were well-bred and educated, and Walter found friends on every side. It was, he thought, not his ancestors who gained him welcome here. Gentlemen themselves, they knew a gentleman by instinct. He was confirmed in his theory that the educated classes formed a sort of freemasonry everywhere of mutual help and brotherhood. As for ignorant boors, as Walter was fond of calling them, they were outside in a general limbo of vice and want and greed. 'What I can do for your favorite poor, I will, mother,' he wrote loftily. 'But the more I see of them the less I like the habits of either their souls or bodies.'

Now Walter was not strong, and the change from his hot-house life to the bitter cold of the mountain range began to tell on him. When the last paper was signed, and he stepped into the cars, he was aching and feverish. In two days he would be at home.

'Barely in time for Jennie's ball,' he thought. When he reached Altoona, then only a small wayside station, it was late in the afternoon. As he went into the waiting-room a telegram was handed to him—

'If possible, go to Wright's Furnace, and take directions from Sutton as to railroad iron.'

Walter dashed down the valise. 'Where is Wright's Furnace?' he asked of the station-master.

'Back sixty miles on the branch-road you crossed at noon. Express has just gone. No other but the freight train. You'd best wait until morning,' seeing that the boy hesitated. 'There's a storm coming up.'

To go at all was to give up the ball, which he and Jennie had talked of for months. 'He says 'if possible;' and it's not possible.' The next moment he blushed with shame. If he waited until to-morrow he would be too late for Christmas, and disappoint his mother. 'I'll go to-night, he said.

'Freight-train's not heated, mind, young man.'

'I'll go.'

'Plucky little chap!' said the station-master, as Ducliff, valise in hand, sprang up on the dirty cars as they lumbered along. He crept into a corner of one and fell asleep. About eleven o'clock the conductor shook him.

'Here's your landing-place, my lad.'

'Eh? How? The Furnace——'

'No; the nearest station. Wright's Furnace lies two miles up that road. You'd better stay aboard the train, and come down from Finville in the morning. It's a rough tramp in this snow; and there's no tavern at the Furnace. Unless you've got friends there——'

'N—no.' The snow, mixed with a sharp sleet, was falling heavily. Walter looked out at the ghostly shapes of the mountains and the break in the great forest up which he was to walk. The solitude of the night was in itself terrible. 'Good-night. I'll risk it,' jumping off. The old knights among his progenitors had not shirked danger; and he could do his devoir, if it were only to keep a promise to his mother or be prompt in his work as a merchant's clerk. Besides, the Suttons were thorough-bred people of his own class. They would make him welcome, of course.

He had high cavalry-boots, but the snow oozed in at the tops of them, and his feet were soon inch-deep in icy water. The two miles' tramp up the ravine lengthened into six, he wandered so often from the path. He sang, laughed at every fresh tumble, made jokes to himself—which seemed impertinent in the face of the awful solitude. But he could not help it. He was only a boy, and fun and jokes were the stimulant for him against danger; which a man would have found in grim patience or whisky. But he could not hide the facts that his legs were racked with pain and his stomach empty. He had forgotten to eat any supper. Just after the turn of the night a low moon threw a ghastly whiteness over the mountains, and he saw the shapes of half a dozen houses black against the snow. He urged his stiff legs into a run. Now that help was near he felt how ill he really was.

'Furnaces, blacksmith's shop, carpenters,' he said, passing some empty sheds. But two houses were left; one a large, handsome villa, the other a low shanty. 'I'll not disturb the Suttons to-night,' knocking at the door of the last. The knock sounded threatening enough against the unbroken silence. A window overhead was raised.

'Who's there?' in a woman's quaver.

'A gentleman, on business. To see Mr. Sutton.'

'Mr. Sutton's in Washington. Been there six months.'

Bang! down came the window. Walter promptly pounded again at the door.

'You must take me in. I'll pay you well for lodging and supper,' he shouted peremptorily.

'Don't keep tavern. Go to Sutton's, if yer business is with Sutton's.'

'I ought to have done that at first,' remembering his resolve never to deal with boors. In a minute he was knocking confidently on the grim Fox's-head of Sutton's front door. There was a good deal of confusion within, terrified voices calling to each other. Visitors of any kind were an unusual event in this mountain solitude; but one in the middle of a winter's night only suggested burglars or murderers. At last the door opened a narrow crack, and the old coachman, in his shirt and drawers, stood peering out, candle in hand.

'Who's there?' in a broad, North-Irish tongue.

'It's I,' persuasively. 'A messenger from Philadelphia, on business to Mr. Sutton.'

'Mr. Sutton's gone. But there's a wheen o' men folk aboot the house,' hastily.

'I'm no housebreaker,' edging his way in. 'Pray give my respects to Mrs. Sutton,' loudly, for he caught a glimpse of white skirts on the stairs, 'and say that young Mr. Ducliff is here, and begs she will give him shelter for the night.' [illegible]

'Keep out, keep out, young mon. I'll consoolt Mrs. Sutton.' And Walter heard a hurried confusion of tongues in the back hall, the coachman's deprecatory and soothing 'Nabbit but a sleet of a lad, ma'am. Na harm in him, I'll warrant yees.'

But the lady's voice was sharp and decisive.

'It's a mere feint to enter the house,' and then followed some whispers of 'plate' and 'unarmed.' 'I know no Ducliffs,' she said aloud, looking full at Walter. 'Say to the man that it will be impossible for me to admit a stranger during my husband's absence.'

But before the old man could reach the door, Walter was gone. She had seen his face plainly, and then taken him for a burglar! He went over to one of the sheds, and sat down. The cold or hunger mattered little. This insult from a woman filled him with a rage and pain such as he had never felt before. It was a blow in the face when his own hands were tied. It was absolutely the first time in his life that an insulting word had been spoken to him. He laughed after a while, trying to recover his good humor.

'I wonder if that blockhead Joe feels like this when he can't give me back my abuse,' he muttered. Just then the shanty window opened again. The woman had overheard all that had been said at Sutton's.

'See hyur, you boy!' she called. Walter promptly crossed the road. He concluded to lay aside his dignity until a warmer and less hungry time. 'It's a plaguy risky thing to take you in. There's nobody hyur but me an my da'ater,' she screamed, with her head out of the window.

'I have every respect for you and your daughter, madam.'

'Well, it's certain you'll freeze if you stay out ther. I'll venter it.' She came down stairs, and presently opened the door, which her raw-boned figure quite filled. Beyond it he saw a smoldering fire on the hearth. 'Jennie's ball, with all its lights and brilliance and music, was dull beside the delight of that dirty kitchen and warm hearth.

'I ha'n't got another bed,' she hesitated. 'and not much in the way of suppers, neither,' putting down on the table a loaf of bread and some cold bacon. 'Lord sakes! why you're nigh onto starved,' as she watched him eat.

'That disease is soon cured,' he said, with his mouth full. 'And if you'll give me a bit of blanket or carpet I'll dry my clothes and sleep here on the floor.'

'You're easy pleased,' suspiciously measuring him with her half-shut eyes; and then, satisfied that she could 'scrunch him in one hand,' she added amiably, 'you're not the sort o' build they make housebreakers of. Them Suttons is a low, onchristain lot, for all their money.'

'It was quite right for the lady to be on her guard,' Walter replied haughtily, standing by his order.

'Well, ther's my old man's breeches. Just hang your own to dry, and wrap yerself in this rug.' She retreated up the stairs, and it seemed to Walter but a moment before he was stretched before the blaze, dry, and floating off into delicious warmth and sleep.

. . . .

'No train stops at the station until to-night, you say?' he demanded, as he rose from breakfast next morning.

'No. You've got to wait. As for crossing the hill to Wayne's Station, you might do it in summer, but it is onpossible now. The express stops ther at noon.'

'How far is it?'

'It's onpossible, I tell you. It's only eight miles. But the snow's waist-deep. The road lies along the old track.' The 'old track' was the line of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad around a hill, which they afterwards had tunneled. The rails had been removed, but the cross-ties still remained on the abandoned road. Walter inspected it, and for a dozen rods found it pleasant walking. He came back for his valise. 'I'm going to try it,' he called over the cow-yard fence to his hostess, who was milking.

'The more fool you. You'll be back in half an hour.'

It was in the days of gold-pieces. He put a couple into her outstretched hand. 'I can not pay you for your kindness,' he said, shaking it cordially.

'All right. We've got to help each other, you know. But I don't take no money; I don't keep tavern no more than the Suttons,' giving him back the money.

Walter laughed, and passing her little girl in the road, put it into her pocket. The woman called out after him that he'd be back in half an hour.

The sun was shining through a silvery-gray mist when he started. In an hour the mist was wet and impenetrable, and as for the sun, it was gone. A mountaineer would have hurried to shelter, but Walter marched on, shouting out the Marseillaise. Why not? None of his college books had taught him the alphabet of clouds, or fog, or wind. The valise grew heavier with every mile; the snow had drifted literally waist-deep in the deserted track. He determined to try the hills and make a short cut across the hills? go back he would not. 'I'll keep my promise to mother,' he said.

How long he wandered in that short cut he never knew. The gray branchless trunks of oaks and birches stretched their thick ranks to the horizon: the soft snow lay beneath, white and trackless; the sharp sleet cut his face and took his breath. He strapped his trunk on his back and plodded on, his face white and teeth set.

'Allons! allons! enfans de la patrie!' he fairly yelled, without waiting for the tune.

It grew darker; but that he thought was only the closer gathering storm: it was only when the moon again came out—now low down the slope of the sky—that he knew that he had been wandering all day and far into the night. Another hour passed. The snow rose higher and higher about his body; half-crazed as he was, it seemed a living grave creeping up to cover him; it was a matter of life and death now for him to go on.

'But I cannot go on,' he said with white lips. An awful shivering seized him; for the first time in his life he lost control of his limbs. He looked up into the thick gray cloud with the feeling that God was there somewhere. If he knew Him better, he could pray to Him. But it was a long time since he had forgotten to pray; like many college boys, he thought that was a matter for children and women, more than for men.

He unstrapped the valise and put it down under a dead tree, and then lay down beside it. The snow was soft and warm: he could not fight against the unnatural drowsiness.

'This is death, then?' he said. He had often thought of the agony of that last parting with his mother, and how he could overcome it with noble thoughts and soldiery courage; but now he only thought how comfortable the snow was, warm as a feather-bed. If his feet were only dry! His eyes closed. The feathery flakes began to fall on his face.

Suddenly, but a little way off, a roaring voice began to sing—

'And the aunts and cousins
Came out by dozens;
All blood relations to me Lord Donamore.'

Walter moved uneasily; sat up. The lethargy of coming death was heavy upon him: he knew through it that there was a chance for life; but rest was sweeter. He sank down again. Then the boy remembered his promise, and it stung him like a spur. He got up, clapping his hands weakly to bring back the circulation, and staggered on a few steps. Before him was an old hut, constructed of unplaned boards, the smoke pouring through a pipe in the roof.

'Oh! it's there you'll have the thrushes warbling,
In the vales convanient to swate Ballinafad!'

The voice was unmistakably vicious and drunk.

'Some blood-thirsty cutthroat,' thought Walter. 'Who else would be watching at this time of night?' He took off his seal-ring, gold watch, and diamond scarf-pin, and dropped them in his boots. There was no use tempting him to murder. Then he walked on and pushed open the door.

'God save us!' shouted a kindly voice, and with the next breath Walter felt himself lifted in a pair of strong arms and carried like a baby to the fire. The heat overpowered him. He tried to speak, and then lay as if dead on the man's knees.

. . . .

'And it's Christmas day, you say, Jim?'

'Christmas it is. Here's yer soup now, hot as blazes. Be the powers, it'll be a job to stretch the pervisions till to-morrow, ye greedy young gossoon, you!'

Walter laughed and drew himself weakly up in the bed, leaning against the man's breast, while he ate the steaming mutton broth out of a yellow crock. 'I never tasted anything so [illegible] sure, I thought it was yer comin I'd be makin' for yees instead of soup.' Jim pulled up the straw-pillow at his back, and settled his head, stroking back the hair with fingers black, to be sure, but gentle as a woman's. On a chair by the fire hung Walter's clothes, cleaned and dried, but ragged with dragging through briers and rocks.

'If it had'nt been for you, Jim, I'd have needed a coffin soon enough,' said Walter. 'Who did you think I was that night?' a little curious to know if his rank had betrayed him through his rags and wet.

'Be jabers, I thought you were a collier's boy from the pit. There's one there has just the cut of your face. When I found your joolry in the boot, I knowed different av coorse. There it is, by the by, on the shelf.' He handed it to Walter, but the boy let the glittering heap fall on the bed, and took the red, grimy hand in both of his.

'Old Jim!' he cried. After a while he said, 'You couldn't have done more for me if I'd been your brother.'

Jim jerked away his hand with a 'Sjcksh!' He was not given to talking sentiment.

'D'ye spose any man ud sit still wid a boy freezen' at his dure?' he said gruffly, but he was pleased, Walter saw. He lay wondering why he had become so fond of this fellow, who was nothing but an Irish laborer set to watch the railroad, beside which his hut stood. It was not alone because he had saved his life; it was for the strength and tenderness and queer, pathetic humor that lay under his dirt, ignorance and whisky-drinking.

'So you thought I was a collier-boy?' he said presently. 'Why, I'm one of the Ducliffs, of Philadelphia, Jim.'

Jim glanced shrewdly at him over his pipe. 'All blood relations to me Lord Donamore!' he sang. Walter's face grew red, but he laughed.

The shriek and whistle of a train was heard just then, and Jim disappeared with his flag, and came back, grinning with delight, carrying a basket. 'I towld the stoker about you yesterday, an he fetched a bit o' beef, an his owld woman sent some tay, and one of the fireman brought you a chicken. By golly we'll have a Christmas dinner after all!'

'Why they never saw *me*!' cried Walter.

'I reckon we've all got to help each other,' said Jim gruffly, cutting up his chicken. 'Father Forbes said at mass on Sunday that was the manin' av Christmas day.'

The meaning of Christmas! It never had had any meaning to him beyond Jennie's ball and some pretty gift for his mother. Could it mean this brotherly love that these people showed him, that he felt for Jim, that he would feel for every man perhaps if he but knew them nearer and better? Could it be that which the Child had come to teach, who had his birth in a meaner shelter than this, among men more ignorant and poor?

The long winter day stole on. Jim cooked and nursed, dashing out at intervals to signal the approaching trains, and made a jolly day of it. Walter was very quiet.

'You're a bit homesick,' said Jim in the evening, noticing that the tears were in the boy's eyes as he lay looking over the snowy trees crimsoned in the setting sun, to the sky which seemed curiously near above them. 'In two days you can go. But it's a pity you couldn't have gone to church wid the mother to-day.'

'I'm not homesick, Jim. And I've found something to-day in the old shanty which I never learned in church.'

THE HERMIT'S STOCKING.

A Merry Christmas Story.

It was cold almost anywhere in the woods, but it was particulary unpleasant down by the hermit's cave. The icy brook was there, for one thing, and there seemed always to be a draught through the little valley. But the hermit sat in a patch of wintry afternoon sunshine that lay on the brown grass like a sprinkling of frozen cream, and read out of a heavy old book. He shivered in all his bones, and was far from happy. Then, through the woods there came a child, a bright bounding boy, gathering long wreaths of ground-ivy, and the red-berried holly.

"O boy!" the hermit cried, shutting up his book with a bang. "What are you going to do with all those stickery leaves?"

The boy stopped and laid down his bundle of evergreens. "Why, don't you know?" said he. "These are for Christmas. They are to go over the big parlor-door, which is to be opened to-night when the Christmas-tree is all ready. Isn't it a splendid thing to think that to-morrow'll be Christmas?"

"Yes," said the hermit, "certainly certainly. But somehow or other, I am never very happy on Christmas. For one thing, it seems to me that it's always the coldest day in the year."

"And if you eat water-cresses, just the same as other days," said the boy, "it must make you feel very cold indeed."

"Water-cresses!" exclaimed the hermit. "We don't have them in winter."

"Oh!" said the boy. "I thought perhaps there were some evergreen kinds. But," he added, looking into the hermit's eyes, "you don't seem to think much about Christmas. Were you born a hermit?"

A cold smile, like a crack in the ice, spread over the hermit's face as he replied, "Why, child, I have the greatest regard for Christmas, but I don't keep it in your way."

"So I should think," said the boy. "You couldn't have a very good Christmas in a cold hole in a hill. It may be a very good hole, but it don't seem to me that it would do very well for Christmas. Do you ever hang up your stocking?"

The hermit laughed. It was the first time he had laughed in eighteen months.

"Hang up my stocking! You must be crazy, child."

"Oh! no, I'm not," cried the boy. "And I believe that if you would hang up your stocking you'd be ever so much happier of a Christmas. And if Santa Claus did not put an apple in first, you'd find it just splendid!"

"An apple in first?" exclaimed the hermit.

"Yes," said the boy, "that's always the very worst thing that can happen, for then the apple sticks fast before it gets down very far, and there isn't much room for the other things. But I guess," said he, glancing down at the hermit's feet, "that an apple wouldn't stick fast in your stocking until it got down to the very toe."

"If they were going to put in anything of the sort," said the hermit thoughtfully, "I think I should prefer potatoes."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the boy. "Who ever heard of potatoes in a Christmas stocking? But I must hurry home, for they're waiting for these greens."

"It's not late," said the hermit, with a weary look at his big book. "Must you go so soon?"

"Oh! yes," said the boy, "I can stay no longer now. But I will come [illegible] you to-morrow, if you will promise to hang up your stocking to-night."

"Very well," said the hermit. "[illegible] hang it up." And then through the woods, with his trailing load of green leaves and glancing berries, went the happy boy.

The hermit always kept his promises. If he had promised the meanest cat to meet her at Michaelmas, on the top of a hill forty miles away, Michaelmas would have found him there whether the meanest cat came or not. So, that night he hung up his stocking on a tree. He was a stout man, and his woolen stockings which came up over his knees, were larger than those we generally see in the shops.

"If they will fill that with potatoes," said the hermit to himself, "they will do well." And then he went to his hard and doleful bed.

Late that night a poor wood-cutter was hurrying home through the forest. The moon was shining brightly through the trees, and he was still far from his home, when by the side of the path he saw a basket. Stooping down he lifted up the lid, and there was a little bit of baby, of hardly any age at all! The good wood-cutter gazed with compassion on the sleeping infant. "Poor little thing!" he said. "Some one has put you here to be picked up or to die. I can not leave you in the woods to freeze." So saying, he took up the baby out of the basket and walked away with it in his arms. But he did not know what in the world he was going to do with it. He had eleven children of his own, and his wife was very severe; and as to bringing home another baby, he knew that she would never allow that. While he was thinking of all this and almost wishing that he had left the child to be found by somebody else, he saw the hermit's great stocking hanging from a tree. "That's just the thing!" said he. "It'll be nice and warm in there. I reckon the hermit has been hanging out his week's wash and he'll know who to take the little thing to, when he finds it in the morning." And with this he slipped the baby down into the big woolen stocking, and tied the top up to keep out the cold night air, but not so closely as to smother the poor little child. Then with a light heart he went home to his eleven children and his severe wife.

Bright and beautiful was the Christmas morning when the boy, his pockets full of candy and nuts and his heart full of joy, ran gayly down to the woods to see what the hermit had in his stocking. When he reached the cave, there sat the good man in the sun. On his face was an expression of uneasy amazement, and between his knees he held the big stocking, evidently full. The boy peeped in and then sprang back, so overpowered with astonishment that he could only gasp, "A baby!"

"I never expected this," said the hermit very mournfully shaking his head over the stocking.

"Is it alive?" asked the boy in a whisper.

At this moment the baby doubled up its shriveled little fists, and rubbing them against [illegible] The hermit wriggled the [illegible]

"It's just like a real one," said the boy.

"It *is* a real one!" exclaimed the hermit. "You ought to have heard it cry when I was bringing it from the tree. It frightened me so that I wonder I didn't let it fall and break it."

"That was the time for catnip," gravely remarked the boy.

"I have no catnip," said the hermit; "but there are a good many other herbs that I might give it. I have plenty of plantain-leaves and boneset."

"I don't believe it wants them," said the boy.

"It's as bald as a button," exclaimed the hermit. "It may be that that makes it cry."

"I wonder how it lost its hair," said the boy, looking into the stocking.

"I don't know," quickly replied the hermit; "but it's nothing that I've done. It had no hair left when I found it."

Just then the baby began to cry in good earnest. What it had done before was a mere trifle to the screams which now filled the woods. The hermit did not know what in the world to do. He swung the stocking vigorously around, but the baby kept on with steadily increasing violence.

"I've heard 'em go on worse than that," cried the boy, shouting as if he were in a storm at sea. "You ought to warm some milk and feed it."

"Have'nt got any!" yelled the hermit back. "Would corn-meal do?"

"How do you mean?" shouted the boy. "In ash-cakes?"

"Yes!" howled the hermit.

"No!" screamed the boy.

Nothing was now heard for a minute or two but the wild clamor of the baby, and then the boy shouted, "Hallo! I'd take it up to our house if I were you, and get it stopped!"

"All right!" called out the hermit; "but how shall I carry it?"

"Hold fast to the stocking-top, and let it dangle," replied the boy, and away they went.

On the way the baby lulled a little, and the boy, despite his nuts and candy, began to feel hungry. "Hermit," said he, "was there an apple in your stocking besides the baby?" The Hermit stopped and carefully felt the stocking all around the baby.

"No," said he, "there was no apple."

"Never mind," said the boy. "I can get one at home," and they kept on their way.

The boy reached the house first, and told about the wonderful thing the hermit had found in his stocking, and when the good man arrived, he and his baby had one of the warmest welcomes that ever was seen. The house was full of company, and everybody seemed wild with desire to do something for either the baby or the hermit. Ever so many ladies seized on the big stocking, and the sweet little cherub was quickly pulled out and tenderly cared for. All the people in the halls and parlors crowded around the hermit, and he had to tell his story over and over again, and everybody who heard it wanted him to warm himself and have something to eat and drink. The children too pressed around him, and he had to tell everything to them, while they chattered all the time like so many birds, and they took him to see the Christmas tree, and he had to examine every present. When the baby was quiet and comfortable and had been dressed nicely, the hermit went up-stairs to look at it and he carried it down, cradle and all, and walked proudly around with it so that everybody could see what he had found in his Christmas stocking. He had to stay to dinner, and then he staid to see the games at night, and he never spent such a delightful Christmas in all his life.

The hermit never went back to his cave. He would not hear of such a thing as giving up his baby, and it would never do to keep such a tender little child in a cold hole in a hill. So he took a frame-house in the village, and had a cook-stove and things, and a good woman to take care of him and the child, and there he lived as happy as a king. On any bright morning, in those days, you might have seen him walking slowly up and down his garden, the baby on one arm, and his heavy old book open on the other. He always said that the best thing he ever did in his life was to hang up his stocking on that blessed Christmas eve.

The man who is only honest when honesty is the best policy is not really an honest man. Honesty is not swerving policy, but staple principle. An honest man is honest from his inmost soul, nor designs to stoop to ought that is mean though a rest results hang on the petty fraud.

A few days ago a seedy person applied to a wealthy citizen for help, and received the small sum of five cents. The giver remarked as he handed him the pittance: "Take it, you are welcome; our ears are always open to the distressed." "That may be," replied the recipient, "but never before in my life have I seen so small an opening for such large ears."

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CHRISTMAS.

The season for mirth and festivity is at hand. Saturday will be Christmas, the great holiday of all Christendom. Feasting and pleasure is the order of the day, and thousands of hearts will be made happy through the reception of presents—tokens of respect and affection. To-day and to-morrow the juvenile mind will whirl in anticipation of well-filled stockings and satisfied appetites, and juvenile slumbers will be crossed by dreams of skates, sleds, toys, and apparitions of that mythical little old gentleman—

"Whose little round belly
Shakes when he laughs like a bowlful of jelly."

How grand the annual coming of this day, when heart goes out to heart, and the wish "Merry Christmas!" is on every lip! How it rejuvenates us! How it brings to us our childhood days when we, too, were on our good behavior for weeks before the wished for coming of dear old Santa Claus, how our youthful minds were in a state of fear and trembling as to the fate of the stockings we had so carefully placed by the fire-place, and how our sleep was disturbed by highly colored dreams of "Dancer, Prancer, Vixen and all."

No other day in the year has so many pleasant memories, to most of us, as Christmas. It is the most cheerful of our holidays. The separated family returns to the home of childhood, and circles in pleasant re-union the board and hearthstone where they spent their happiest years. Fond memories of the past mingle joyously with the actual present, and good cheer and good feeling banish the cares of business and the dull monotony of toil. It is a day taken from the bustling activity of life to give thought "to Him that doeth all things well." Reader, may no gloomy shadow cross your festivities on this joyous occasion, but while in the midst of your enjoyment, remember those who suffer on this Christmas day. Remember the poor and poverty-stricken in our midst. The hard times have subjected many to privations and trials, which should awaken the liveliest sympathies and the prompt attention of all good citizens. Surely all that have to spend *this* day in ruggedness, without fuel or food, need the kind care and attention of a benevolent community. A large majority of our readers can spare something for the poor and needy, that an opportunity to enable some poor sufferer to enjoy a merry Christmas, by furnishing them with those things he stands in need of. Will you take advantage of the opportunity?

In conclusion, dear reader, individually and collectively, we would say:

"In friendship true, we wish to you
A merry Christmas-day;
Abundant wealth, vigorous health,
And light in Wisdom's way."

We have received the second annual report of the Board of Guardians of the State Hospital for woman and infants. This institution has for its object the care and treatment of unfortunate and destitute woman during their confinement. It has been organized a little over two years, and in that time has received and cared for one hundred and twenty five cases. Many more have applied for admission, but a lack of funds prevented the institution receiving them. It is to be regretted that the good work should be retarded by this cause, and the Board in their report make an earnest appeal [illegible] patients, and thus prevents them from leading disreputable lives. Its aims are good, and every erring one it returns to right paths, is a direct blow at vice, and its needs appeal strongly to all Christians. Contributions may be sent to any of the following officers: J. W. White, M. D., President, 2012 Green street; A. S. Naudain, Treasurer, 1704 Arch street, or Wm. H. Snake, Secretary, 544 North 17th street, Philadelphia.

The United States Centennial Commission have made a good suggestion in the following, which ought to be acted on generally and all over:

It seems proper that the local celebrations of the Fourth of July, 1876, which will be held throughout the land, should be made to contribute to a permanent historical memorial of the Centennial Celebration. In each county provision should be made for the delivery of an address tracing the history of that particular community for the past century, or from the time of its settlement, and including a sketch of its growth, its resources, industries, prospects, etc. These addresses should be published in a uniform size,—that of the Congressional document, for instance,—in order that they may be bound together by States. To competent persons the preparation of such addresses would not be an unduly burdensome task; but in the aggregate they would constitute an invaluable historical repository such as no nation has ever had the opportunity to collect.

Designations of the historians ought to be made without delay, in order that they may have time to accomplish their work. It is to be hoped that the Press will give general circulation to the project, and that each journal will see to the consummation in its own locality, and that the slight expense involved be assumed by the county or town authorities.

Advices from Sydney, Australia, of November 19th, state that the goods to be exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition were to be forwarded at New York at the end of the month. Mr. Mackey, the Commissioner to the Centennial, stated at a farewell banquet that he intended to travel throughout the United States, and become thoroughly acquainted with their producing interests. New discoveries of paying quartz mines are reported daily in Australia.

An auction sale of unredeemed articles in the Dead Letter Office at Washington will begin on the 14th of January. The collection embraces 8,000 different articles, including books, music paper, engravings, jewelry, neckties, baby clothes, socks, scarfs, violin strings, scissors, shoe brushes, gloves, stockings, toothpicks, night caps, sheetings, asthmatic fumigators, charms, ribbons, corn huskers and saws.

Among Moody and Sankey's earnest listeners last Sunday evening in Philadelphia, were President Grant, ex-Speaker Blaine, Postmaster-General Jewell, Governor Hartranft, General Garfield, Judge Strong, ex-Governors Barker and Bigler, Senator Wallace, Mr. George Bancroft and Colonel Fred Grant and his wife, all of whom were on the platform.

A terrible and fatal explosion occurred in South Boston last evening. A large gas main running under the Federal street bridge, and thence along the water's edge under the pavement of Federal street, exploded, turning up the pavement for a distance of about 150 feet, killing two, fatally injuring three, and slightly injuring several persons. Six or eight are missing.

The Bank of Brandywine, at West Chester, suspended yesterday morning. A notice was posted on the door stating that "depositors needn't feel no uneasiness, as the assets of the bank are unquestionably able to pay them in full at an early day." The bank has made an assignment for its creditors.

Colonel Babcock left Chicago for Washington on Monday night, accompanied by his counsel, Judge Krum. The trial is set for the 11th of January in the U. S. Circuit Court at St. Louis, before Judges Treat of St. Louis and Dillon of Iowa.

The Emperor of Brazil will embark on board the *Honolius*, on the twenty-sixth of March, for New York to begin his tour of North America and Europe.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

NEW YORK LETTER.

New York, Dec. 21st, 1875.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—The Tammany Hall Democracy have just effected a re organization of their General Committee, increasing its numbers to 880. Inasmuch, however, as the new members are to be nominated by the present ones, and the primaries are to be conducted in the old fashioned way, it is not deemed at all probable that the change will at all affect the autocracy of "Boss Kelly." In a long address just adopted, Tammany accepts eagerly, Grant's gage of battle, denouncing his "atrocious attempt to dragoon from its dishonored grave, the howling dervish of Know Nothingism," and charging him with seeking to "apply the torch of religious persecution to the temple of the Most High, and the fabric of our civil liberties."

On the other side in this Third term agitation, Col. A. J. H. Duganne, an irrepressible organizer of sensational and short-lived secret political societies, has started a powerful club, composed of twenty-one hitherto unknown persons, (twelve of whom are employed in the Custom House and Post Office, and nine are desirous of obtaining positions,) for the avowed purpose of supporting Grant's claims for another re-election. Should the *Herald's* pretended expose of the order of American Mechanics crush that society out of being, Col. Duganne's club will aspire to fill the gap in the organization of the Grant cohorts.

Hard times are becoming more and more painfully apparent among the New York poor. Hundreds of applicants seek relief daily from the St. John's Guild, which is the most prominent of our unofficial charities, and, sad to say, seek it in vain, for the treasury is empty. Nearly all the other private charities are in the same condition. The public eleemosynary institutions are all overcrowded, and the Commissioners of charities and Corrections are incapable of meeting the enormous drain upon the resources at their command. Six thousand men, classed by the police as "bummers," but more politely denominated "tramps," seek lodging nightly in our station houses, which will only accommodate (if such shelter can be called accommodation) two thousand. Never before has there been so much suffering from poverty in this city. Efforts to relieve it are not lacking, however—a Hebrew Fair just concluded, netted the handsome sum of $101,861.92 for the Jewish Hospital. A number of other charity fairs, of lesser magnitude, are now in successful operation.

Our colored men and brethren are very much exercised over the recent executions of three negro murderers in the Tombs, believing as they do, that had the culprits in question been white, they would have escaped the gallows. No wonder they think so, seeing how many white assassins go unpunished, or at least evade the noose. There was Scarwell, who richly deserved hanging if ever anybody did; and Dolan of whose guilt there can be little if any doubt, and Stauderman, who has just been pronounced insane; and the three Irish men who killed a negro over in Brooklyn last summer, and numbers of others whose cases might be cited, all recent and all flagrant. But it is necessary to at least pretend that the sword of justice has an edge sometimes—even if everybody knows that she squints, and is no better than she should be—and the poor darkies may as well make up their minds to stand for the proof.

The Coroner's inquest upon the body of the Jewish girl, b tclered over in East New York, has brought out evidence which seems to establish positively that her seducer, Pesach Nasson Rubinstein, was her assassin. Pesach is in a bad way. His chances for being hung are excellent, and even that will according to his faith, scarcely get him out of his trouble. He had a contract with another Polish Jew, by which the latter, for the consideration of $445 [illegible] Hanmedrast (a Jewish tribunal) set aside that contract, and so Pesach feels himself in a fair way for being damned on his own account. It is believed that that contract from the date upon which it was made, was one of his preparatory steps towards the murder.

The firm of Duncan, Sherman & Co., have been adjudged involuntary bankrupts in an U. S. Court, and so escape the numerous suits brought against them in State Courts. The manner of their failure was a dishonesty and an outrage upon their depositors.

A. Drexel, head of the great banking firm of Drexel, Morgan & Co., will retire from business on the 1st of January, with a fortune, variously estimated at from eight to fifteen millions—enough to make one comfortable, in a modest way, for some time. Morton, Bliss & Co., bankers, are going into liquidation, winding up business because it does not pay to continue.

Henry C. Bowen's libel suits against the Brooklin *Eagle*, have at length commenced, and the *Eagle* is first called upon to prove its allegation that Bowen was the instigator of the famous search after the buried treasure of the bold sea-rover who sang:—

"Oh! my name is Captain Kidd
And most wickedly I did
When I sailed."

The Superintendent of Unsafe Buildings began tearing down the rear wall of the *Sun* building yesterday, it having been pronounced unsafe, but the *Sun* people got an injunction, and stopped them. There are now lively anticipations of the wall tumbling down.

A. Oakey Hall (ex-Mayor) is not a good actor, and has, in "Crucible," a poor play to show off in.

An ex-wife of John C. Heenan, Sara Stevens, has returned to the stage, after an absence of a number of years, and is now playing at the 23th street theatre.

Ed. Eddy, the celebrated old Bowery tragedian is dead.

"Pique" is not drawing at Daly's as it was expected to, notwithstanding all the paid puffs in the papers. SANS NOM.

Centennial Notes.

There will be no season tickets.

Now let Congress make up the balance.

No vending, peddling or hawking will be allowed.

There will be too many relics—too many of the bogus kind.

No "books of the opera" and no "nice, fresh peanuts."

Dr. Pepper, of Philadelphia, will be medical director.

The exhibitors from France will probably number nearly 1,200.

Market street cars now run direct to the Centennial buildings.

Evarts, orator; Longfellow, poet; and Lee, reader of 1776 paper.

Many States will have their own building for the use of the officials, and tired visitors.

An unprecedented display of Japanese productions will be made; real Japs in attendance, too!

There will be a special police and fire department on the grounds at all times, also many detectives.

The military encampment will be a grand feature. Regiments from nearly every city will pitch tents.

Myer's Music Hall, to be erected near the entrance, will have a seating capacity for over 5,000 people.

The process of blowing and cutting glass will be exhibited in a building built especially for the purpose.

A grand affair will be the Martha Washington Levee, at the Philadelphia Academy of Music, on February 22.

The official catalogue will be handsomely bound, and we believe, will be gratuitously distributed. A good idea.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.

SECOND WEEK, CONTINUED.

SETTLEMENTS FILED.—John F. Fenton, committee of Mariah Fenton, a lunatic; J. M. Snellenbager, assignee of Edmund S. Robinson; William Stuckert, assignee of Henry Rook; William S. Brunner, assignee of Samuel McLean.

Auditors Reports filed in the estates of Henry Heist, Jr., John S. Kramer, Winfield S. Ellis, Garret B. Girton, Girton & Ellis, and Levi B. Landis.

The following auditors were appointed:—James Lawrence, examiner in the divorce case of Howard Pursell vs. Vestilla Pursell: Henry C. Michener, auditor, to make distribution of the money in Court by the execution issued against Thomas Wismer; Franklin S. Hogeland, to take charge of the person and estate of Mahlon Vanartsdalen, a lunatic; Abram H. Jones, examiner into the lunacy of Elwood Buckman; J. Paul Knight, committee of the person and estate of A. Subers Worthington, a lunatic; J. Monroe Shellenberger, auditor in the assigned estate of Henry Book; Robert B Yardley, auditor to examine the accounts of the public officers; John L. DuBois, examiner in the divorce case of Allen Ely vs. Emma Ely.

ORPHANS COURT.—Auditors Reports filed in the estates of Wm. Dougherty, in which Joel Vanartsdalen was guardian; Jesse Hunter, Elijah Gammel, Daniel Hillegas, Joseph Vandegrift, John D. Reeves and David Hillegas.

GUARDIANS APPOINTED.—David Balderston, guardian of Elwood Charles and Wilmer Harvey; Jabob Hass, guardian of Samuel, John and Henry Eaken; Wm. Scheets, guardian of Franklin and William Sarver; Comly Hampton, guardian of William J. and Harriet Dexheimer.

Real estate ordered to be sold in the estates of Joseph Delaney, of Southampton; David Franklin, of Tinicum, and Mark Wright, of Falls.

AUDITORS APPOINTED.—John W. McDowell, auditor of the estate of Samuel Dearterly, deceased; William Stuckert, auditor of the estate of Samuel Haft, deceased; Elias Carver, auditor of the estate of Hester Gerhart, deceased.

Charles Kemmerer *vs.* Charles Fechter. Summon case. The defendant lives near Quakertown. In 1872 he made improvements around his house, and purchased lumber and other material from the plaintiff amounting to $700 or $800. Fechter paid several items on the bill at different times, and was credited with these payments by Kemmerer. The defendant was not present at the trial, being an actor by profession and fulfilling engagements in a western city, but witnesses were called who testified that the manner in which the work was done was very imperfect, and the material furnished was of an inferior character. Several carpenters upon being called said that this work was not the work of a good mechanic, and that the price charged was highly exorbitant. The defense showed that the plaintiff hired carpenters to work at the house for $2.50 per day and charged Fechter $2.75 for them. This account was a book account, and the charges were made at different times. Jury rendered a verdict for the plaintiff for $408. Thompson and Cope for plaintiff; Ross and James for defendants.

James A. Mara *vs.* Jonathan Stewart. Issue under the Sheriff's Interpleader act. James A. Mara claimed that he owned certain goods that were levied upon as the property of John W. Christman, under an execution issued by Jonathan Stewart as the judgment creditor. Mara said he bought the tools and other implements of a stone quarry near Yardleyville, and paid Christman for them. The defense called several witnesses who testified that Mara had no money, for he told them he had a note due at the Newtown Bank and could not raise money to meet it. This was about the time that Mara alleged to have bought and paid for these goods in question. Verdict for the defendant. Jenks for Mara; G. & H. Lear for Stewart.

Samuel Barnes *vs.* Michael Ubler. This was an appeal from the docket of a justice of the peace. The claim was for some hay, corn-fodder and the boarding of the mules of the defendant. The defendant claimed a set off of some goods taken by Barnes from the property of the defendant, while he was a tenant thereon. Verdict for the defendant. Sheilenberger for plaintiff; G. & H. Lear for defendant.

Daniel Stout *vs.* Michael Ubler. An appeal. This action was brought to recover the value of a heifer. Stout purchased the heifer of Samuel Barnes, and Ubler removed the heifer to his place at Frenchtown. Ubler said that he owned the heifer, that in purchasing it Barnes acted as his agent. Verdict for the plaintiff. N. L. James for plaintiff; G. & H. Lear for defendant.

Samuel H. Ettenger *vs.* Richard Carter. Summons in ejectment. The defendant said he owned a farm and lot in Washington township, while the latter said that the title was made out in his name. Ettenger, the plaintiff, alleged that this property belonged to the son, and that at different times the son said that the property was his. The assessor of that township said that he always assessed it to Edward H. Carver, the son of Richard Carter, the defendant, and that the tax was paid by him. Several witnesses were called, who said that Edward said the property was bought with his money, and that he owned it. The defendant said that at the time this property was purchased, Edward was only seventeen years old. Verdict for the defendant. Jenks, and G. and H. Lear for plaintiff; Ross and James for defendant.

A CARD.

Hulmeville, Dec. 20, 1875.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—I regret to see such a malicious article in your paper of last week, regarding our schoolmaster, (or as the article styles him pedagogue.) In reply thereto, I can state that I live adjoining the school, that I occasionally visit it, that I have many conservations with the schoolmaster, and that I cheerfully and truthfully bear testimony to his zeal, his ability, and his official deportment: I have never known him to inflict unjust or undue punishment, and admire the good order and decorum which he imposes upon his scholars, the effect of which is seen in their daily lives. He is strict, earnest and faithful in the discharge of his duties, and deserves the hearty support of every law-abiding citizen of our borough. It is, however, but the old adage revived, a prophet is not without honor save in his own country and among his kindred.

Yours truly, W. G. P. BRINKLOE.

Maine has ten ex-governors living, and all residing in the state. Their names are Crosby, Kent, A. P. Morrill, Hamlin, Williams, L. P. Morrill, Washburn, Colburn, Chamberlain and Perham. Four are over seventy years old.

M. Thiers has finished the first volume of his philosophical work, and the title is, "*L'Homme et la Matiere.*"

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Best Japan "	80 "	Gunpowder "	$1 00.
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Fair " "	50 "	Java "	33 a 35 "
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Fair " "	50 "	Rio "	25 a 28 "

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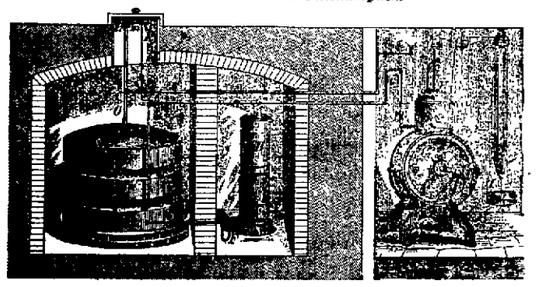

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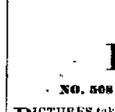

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N. B.—All kinds of Fine Confectionery—Boarding and Lodging 120

NORTH STAR HOTEL.
FRANCIS T. FRAUL, - Proprietor
4805 MAIN STREET,
FRANKFORD, PA. 105

United States Hotel,
North-West Corner Front and Berks Sts.,
(Kensington Depot,)
PHILADELPHIA.
F. W. MEYER, - - - - Proprietor.
120

"The Seven Star Hotel."
O. CAMPBELL, PROPRIETOR.
Main Street and Oxford Road,
Opposite Dummy Depot,
140 FRANKFORD, PA.

JOHN J. SLIFER'S
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
Dining and Oyster
SALOONS,
NO. 532 ARCH STREET, PHILAD'A.
58

DOCK STREET
COFFEE HOUSE
AND LUNCH ROOM.
OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE.
223 Dock Street,
157 Above Walnut, PHILADELPHIA.

J. W. HOLETON'S
Temperance
DINING ROOMS,
IS THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE.
629 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
☞ Call and satisfy yourself. 64

Girard Exchange
HOTEL AND RESTAURANT,
S. E. Corner Fourth and Girard Avenue,
PHILADELPHIA.
Oysters in every style, and Meals at all hours.
53 WILLIAM LINDIG.

TACONY HOUSE
AND
RESTAURANT,
1911 NORTH FRONT STREET,
Opposite Kensington Depot,
PHILADELPHIA.
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dining Room and Restaurant.
984

BEE HIVE COFFEE HOUSE
RESTAURANT,
THOMAS J. JARMAN, Proprietor,
218 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
OYSTERS constantly on hand in all varieties. Families supplied at shortest notice. Delivery free of charge to any part of the city. 76

WUNDER'S
OYSTER BAY,
S. W. Corner Second and Church Streets,
74 PHILADELPHIA.

LADIES' AND GENTS'
PHILADELPHIA
EATING HOUSE,
S. E. Corner Seventh and Market Streets.
JAMES STANDRING, Proprietor.
Beefsteak and Potatoes, Porksteak and Potatoes, Pork and Beans, Pot Pie, Fried Eggs, Fried Ham, Cold Ham, Boiled Eggs, Cod Fish Cakes, Broiled Steak and Potatoes, Oyster Soup, 10 cents each; Oyster Stews, 25 cents; Raw Oysters, 10 cents; Milk Toast, 12 cents; Buttered Toast, 7 cents; Coffee and Rolls, Pie and Milk, 10 cents each; Rice Pudding, Bread Pudding, 6 cts. each; Apple Dumpling, 10c.; Cup Custard, 5 cents; Pies of all kinds, Tea or Coffee per cup, two Buttered Rolls, 5 cts. each. SEGARS. A good and cheap Dinner every day. 101

JACOB ROTH,
Fashionable Tailor,
No. 1318 Germantown Avenue,
Below Master Street, PHILADELPHIA.
79

JOHN REYLE,
Merchant Tailor,
No. 1033 North Second Street,
Corner of Germantown Ave,
PHILADELPHIA. 935

WILLIAM FOX,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
AND
Men's Furnishing Goods,
NO. 320 NORTH SECOND STREET,
PHILADELPHIA. 94

E. B. HUTCHINSON,
THE POPULAR HATTER,
New and Old Styles in great variety, at
City Hall Hat and Cap Emporium,
CITY HALL, TRENTON, N. J. 1060

THOS. M. SEEDS,
PLAIN AND FASHIONABLE
HAT & CAP MANUFACTORY,
NO. 41 NORTH SECOND STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
A general assortment of Friends' Plain Hats, Children's Fancy Hats and Caps constantly on hand, and made to order at the shortest notice. 890

Trenton.

TANTUM & SHIELDS,
DEALERS IN
HOSIERY, GLOVES, UNDERWEAR,
DRESS SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, TIES, BOWS AND SCARFS
Assanpink Block, Trenton, N. J. 189

FURNITURE AND UPHOLSTERY.—The largest and most complete assortment of FURNITURE, consisting of Parlor Suits, Walnut Chamber Suits, Cottage Chamber Suits, Spring Beds, Hair, Husk and Straw Mattresses, Down Feathers, Window Shades, Looking Glasses, Children's Carriages, the celebrated Brown & Bliss Walnut Extension Tables, together with all goods pertaining to the furniture line. All my Upholstery work is made under my own supervision, in which the best materials only are used. Old Sofas made over and as good as new. All my goods being bought and sold for cash, enables me to undersell those who buy and sell on credit. Having bought largely of goods at panic prices, I am prepared to offer great bargains, and shall take pleasure in showing those who may favor me with a call.
A. V. MANNING, 47 Greene Street, Trenton, N. J.
39

GEORGE WESTON,
ARCHITECTURAL AND MONUMENTAL
SCULPTOR,
IN MARBLE, GRANITE AND FREESTONE.
Devoting especial attention to Monumental Works, &c., viz:
Tombs, Monuments, Headstones, Mural Tablets, Pulpits, Fonts, &c.
DESIGNS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.
MARBLE YARD—Stockton Street, between Front and State Street.
TRENTON, N. J.
CEMETERY LOTS INCLOSED.—Cemetery work of every description done in the best manner and at reasonable rates. 40

PURE! WHOLESOME!! CHEAP!!!
Opening of the STAR CONFECTIONERY,
No. 4 Assanpink Block, Trenton, N. J.,
THIS DAY, with the most extensive and complete assortment of French and American Confectionery ever exhibited at retail in Trenton. Also, a choice line of Foreign Fruits and Nuts, fine Canned Goods, &c. Prices reasonable. Positively none but strictly pure and wholesome Confectionery sold by this House. Patronage solicited! Favors appreciated! Please call and examine.
THOMAS P. MARSHALL, Proprietor.
N. B.—Constantly on draught, Cold Sparkling Soda Water, Cream, Nectar, Mead, and Kissengen Water. 1040

A Full and Splendid Line of
MILLINERY GOODS,
JUST RECEIVED AT
FOLLEN'S No. 1 Greene Street, Trenton, N. J.
PRYOR'S BLOCK, which will be sold Cheap for Cash.
LADIES, YOU CAN HAVE YOUR HATS BLOCKED AND PRESSED FOR HALF THE COST OF NEW ONES.
All the Fall Styles Received in Bluchs and Hats. Three First Class Milliners Employed. 123

ESTABLISHED 1847.
EXTON'S TRENTON CRACKERS
Pronounced by connoisseurs the best in the market.
To guard against the numerous imitations of these celebrated Crackers, the public should
Ask for Exton's Crackers,
And see that his name is stamp on each and every Cracker.
☞ For sale by Grocers generally throughout the United States and by
ADAM EXTON & CO., Manufacturers, Trenton, N. J.
Price list and Circular sent on application.
EXTON'S TRENTON CRACKER, the only genuine, original Trenton Cracker. Buy EXTON'S
EXTON'S TRENTON WINE CRACKERS—Delicious, wholesome cheap. Buy Exton's Wine Crackers.
EXTON'S TRENTON CRACKERS—Beware of imitations and substitutes. Buy EXTON'S.
EXTON'S TRENTON CRACKERS—Manufactured by A. EXTON & CO., Trenton, N. J.
1018

Philadelphia.

C. F. BLITTERSDORF. OLIVER S. WEBB
C. F. BLITTERSDORF & CO.,
CUTLERS.
Depot for the best Concave Razors, Shears, Scissors, and warranted Cutlery of every description
1103½ North Second Street, Philadelphia.
Steam Grinding and Repairing carefully done. 887

New Carpet Store.
CREAGMILE & CO.,
Carpets, Oil Cloths, Window Shades,
&c., &c.
1017 NORTH SECOND STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
Open in the evening. 857

MISS C. F. LEDDON,
LADIES' HAIR DRESSING
ESTABLISHMENT,
1868 FRANKFORD ROAD,
PHILADELPHIA.
Ladies' Hair Dressing a specialty. Combings made up carefully. Constantly on hand and made to order Ladies' Hair Braids, Curls, Chignons and Hair Work of every description. 928

MICHAEL O. STOHL,
MANUFACTURER OF
JUVENILE COACH WORK,
and all kinds of
WOODEN WARE.
Store—945 North Second Street.
Factory—1048 North Front Street.
73 PHILADELPHIA.

WALL PAPER. WALL PAPER.
WE have now in store some two hundred patterns of Spring Goods to select from, which we are selling at the following reduced prices:
18 CENT PAPER, 13 CENTS.
12 CENT PAPER, 10 CENTS.
25 CENT PAPER, 25 CENTS
Having bought low for cash, we are thus enabled to make the above reduction. Workmen sent to all parts of the country. JOSEPH L. LUGAR
No. 839 North Second Street, bel. Poplar,
854 PHILADELPHIA.

T. C. HOLLINGSWORTH,
No. 1026 North Second St.,
PHILADELPHIA,
Masonic Manufacturing and Military Depot.
Military and Society Goods of every description. Flags, Banners and Regalia, Jewels, &c. Also, Domestic Paper Patterns. 907

1776. THE CENTENNIAL. 1876.
E. SILBER'S
Paper Hanging Store,
S. W. Cor. Seventh and Girard

Bucks County Gazette:

Thursday, December 23, 1875.

☞THERMOMETRICAL REPORT for the week ending Wednesday, Dec. 22d.—Furnished by JESSE B. MEARS, as noted at Bristol Post-Office:

	7 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
Th'day, Dec. 16	31	47	41
Friday, " 17	34	32	22
Saturday, " 18	15	24	18
Monday, " 20	6	30	31
Tuesday, " 21	23	41	44
Wed'day, " 22	40	60	55

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

PHILADELPHIA—Closes 9.00, A. M., 3.30 and 6.00 P. M; Arrives 8.00, A. M., 4.30 and 8.00, P. M.

NEW YORK—Closes 8.30, A. M., 3.30, 6.00 P. M. Arrives 10.00 A. M., 7.00 P. M.

TRENTON—Closes 7.15, 8.30, A. M., 3.30, P. M. arrives 10.00, A. M., 4.30 and 7.00 P. M.

PRINCETON, NEW BRUNSWICK, RAHWAY, ELIZABETH, NEWARK and JERSEY CITY, closes 8.30 A. M., 3.30 P. M.; arrives 10.00 A. M., 7.00 P. M.

DOYLESTOWN—Closes 10.00, A. M., 6.00, P. M. arrives 9.45, A. M., 8.00, P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE, HULMEVILLE, ATTLEBOROUGH, NEWTOWN, WRIGHTSTOWN, PINEVILLE and BUCKINGHAM—Closes at 10.00, A. M; arrives at 9.45, A. M.

THE GAZETTE FOR 1876.

The GAZETTE will be sent until further notice with other publications, postage free in all cases, payment to be made invariably in advance. As follows:

Gazette and Scribner's Monthly,	$5.25,	full rate,	$6.00
" " Atlantic Monthly,	5.25,	" "	6.00
" " Harper's Magazine,	5.25,	" "	6.00
" " Galaxy,	5.25,	" "	6.00
" " Popular Science Mo.,	6.00,	" "	7.00
" " N. Y. Medical Jour.,	5.26,	" "	6.00
" " St. Nicholas,	4.50,	" "	5.00
" " Am. Agriculturist,	3.10,	" "	3.60
" " Harper's Weekly,	5.25,	" "	6.00
" " Harper's Bazar,	5.25,	" "	6.00
" " Littell's Living Age,	8.75,	" "	10.00
" " The Home Journal,	3.50,	" "	5.00
" " Practical Farmer,	3.55,	" "	4.50

The advantages offered by our clubbing terms are open to our old subscribers as well as new.

Persons desiring to order more than one of the above named publications invited to send for terms. Address

JESSE O. THOMAS, Bristol, Pa.

SORTS.

A GOOD clause is Santa Claus.

CHRISTMAS is the great Sunday of the year.

CHRISTMAS will not fall on Sunday until the year 1881.

THE public schools of this place will be closed during Christmas week.

W. E. WALKER has purchased the interest of A. F. Young in the hardware store on Mill street.

THE Post Office will be open, on Christmas day, until 11 o'clock A. M., and from 4 to 6 o'clock P. M.

ISRAEL S. TOMLINSON has received the appointment of Notary Public, to succeed J. V. Buckman, deceased.

YOU can make your friend no more suitable present than a year's subscription to the BUCKS COUNTY GAZETTE. Try it.

THE Farmers' National Bank will be closed on Christmas. Those who have notes falling due on that day, should pay the day before.

THE Sunday School of St. James' Episcopal Church will hold its annual Christmas festival in the church on Christmas Eve.

AT the meeting of the Union Building Association on the 13th inst., three loans were sold to Robert G. Warwick, at $26 premium per loan.

EASTBURN REEDER, of Solebury, has been invited to deliver an address before a dairymen's association, at Rome, N. Y., early in January.

THE M. E. Church at Morrisville has been holding a series of revival meetings during the past two weeks, and quite a number have been converted.

A. L. PACKER contemplates erecting a fine three-story brick building on the vacant lot adjoining his premises, now occupied by Hoff, the baker.

THE Morrisville Rubber Works caught fire on Wednesday night of last week. Fortunately the flames were discovered and extinguished before any damage was done.

AT the regular monthly meeting of the Home Building Association, held last Monday evening, five loans were sold to Manus Waters, at $1 premium per loan, and five to Joseph Farrel at 25 cents per loan.

RICHARD BRUTON, we understand, has purchased from Morton Walmsley a lot on Radcliffe street, above Washington, and will commence the erection of two fine stone houses in the spring.

MRS. DANIELS, the wife of Mark Daniels, was arrested last Friday morning. The warrant was issued upon oath of Thos. L. Hughes, charging her with appropriating goods to her own use knowing them to be stolen. She was sent to the County jail.

ON last Saturday evening, Bristol R. R. A. Chapter, No. 231, held an election of officers, with the following result: Alfred F. Young, High Priest; Elias Wildman, King; Amos B. Headley, Scribe; Harry D. Young, Secretary; William B. Baker, Treasurer.

ON Wednesday last, Coroner Closson held an inquest on the body of Lewis Wood, who recently died at Dolington. The jury rendered a verdict that Woods had died from peritonitis, but expressed no opinion as to whether it was superinduced by external injuries.

THE Sunday School connected with the Presbyterian Church of this place, held its annual Christmas festival in the lecture room of the church last evening. The Christmas tree was loaded with good things for the children and the affair passed off very pleasantly.

JAS. SHARON, who lived in the Hutchinson Mansion, on the Beaver Dam road, died this morning. He was over 80 years of age. Last Friday he fell from the stoop and broke his arm. The injury then received, taken in connection with his feebleness and advanced age, was the cause of his death.

AN association is about being formed in Philadelphia of old residents of this county now living in that city. It is proposed to rent and furnish a room for the headquarters, to be supplied with books, newspapers and periodicals, and make it a pleasant place of resort for visitors from Bucks county during the centennial year.

THE annual election of officers of the Feasterville and Bridgetown Turnpike Company took place at Attleboro', on the 6th inst., when the following officers were elected: Joseph Eastourn, President; Edward Ivins, Treasurer; Alfred Marple, Phineas Paxson, Edward Ivins, David Ridge, Chas. G. Knight, and Jonathan Knight, Managers.

THE papers of the new Military Company about being established in this place were returned on Wednesday morning, and Pay-Master S. S. Smith will be in attendance at the engine house next Wednesday evening to hold an election. After the election the comany will be known as Co. G of the 16th Regiment, National Guards.

MRS. CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY writes us that it was not Mark Daniels who stole her jewelry. It was missing four months previous to the breaking into of her shed, and Mrs. M. intimates that it was taken by somebody much better acquainted with her house than Daniels, and that she is willing to pay $25 for the recovery of the jewelry.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks and bend the knotted oak,"

murmured 'Squire Bailey, on Monday, as he imposed a fine of $5 each on two descendants of Ham, for trying to convince the congregation of the African M. E. Church, on Sunday evening, that a mouth-organ serenade would be more beneficial and pleasing to them than the prayers of their pastor.

GENERAL DAVIS, of the Doylestown *Democrat*, has been engaged for six years in compiling a history of Bucks County. The work is nearly completed, and General Davis requests persons who may possess any old documents that would throw any additional light on the history of the county, to forward them to him. The work will be comprehensive and thorough, and will also contain a number of chapters touching events of local importance, not embraced in the townships, and sketches of many of our leading families. It will be printed in one large octavo volume of about seven hundred pages, and will contain a number of engravings, besides several valuable maps. The canvassing books are now being delivered to agents, who will soon call upon citizens in all parts of the county, and solicit their subscription, and all who wish to secure the book, should subscribe to the agents, for it will only be published for subscribers.

THE fair of America Hose Company, No. 2, closed on Saturday evening last. On Tuesday evening of this week an auction was held to dispose of the goods that remained unsold. Quite a number of articles still remain to be disposed of, and will be offered at public sale at some future time. A silver fire-horn, presented by Father Lynch, was voted for by the friends of the America and Bristol Companies. The ballots have not yet been counted off. The articles chanced off were won as follows: Large parlor chair, by Capt. J. Cone; sleigh, by Jas. Rogers; silver tea set, by B. F. Allen, and a crumb cloth, by Harry Bradfield. The fair netted the company about $200.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Bristol Post Office Wednesday evening, Dec. 22, 1875: John Anderson, Uriah Barton, Clarence Blackwood, George Crammer, J. H. Cooper, Charles Cole, Lizzie J. Cummons, Ellen Case, James Fenton, Mrs. Annie Gorman, Mary Guy, Joseph Horn, Thomas Holden, Rachel Hellings, Hannah Hines, D. W. Jackson, Jessie Laversey, Lorin W. Olds, Hoker Saxton, Bulah Simons, Mary Savage, Susan Stinebaker, John B. Smith, John W. Stanton, Wm. Temple, Phebe A. Taylor, Herman Witherill, Sarah Woodington, Mary J. Wright.

THE Commercial Insurance Company of this place is meeting with great success. It has now over $300,000.00 insured, and wherever agents are appointed it is received with favor. Business is conducted on both mutual and stock plans. The receipts have been sufficient to pay all expenses and losses, and consequently no assessments have been made upon the mutual policy holders. Such an institution is of great advantage to our town, and is deserving of success.

WE are called upon to announce the death of Joshua V. Buckman, Esq., who departed this life on Saturday last, and whose remains were followed to the grave yesterday by a large circle of relatives and acquaintances. Mr. Buckman was well and favorably known in this county, and at the time of his death was secretary of the Gas Company and Bristol Building Association, and held the office of Notary Public. He was about 73 years of age, and had been a resident of Bristol for the last 40 years.

THE committee appointed by the Lahaska Fire Insurance Company to determine the actual loss sustained by J. Firman & Son, of Newtown, in the loss of their sash factory, placed the amount at $3,733. The original insurance amounted to $4,381.25. The Firman's had orders for work to be made for Father Lynch's new house, and their misfortune will interfere materially with their getting the work out.

AT the public sale of the estate of the late E. E. Scattergood, in Yardleyville, on Friday last, the hotel property, situated on the river road, and known as "The Swan," was sold to Charles Burk, of Windsor, N. J., for $3,000. A bakery on Canal street, to A. C. Danser for $800, and a track of building lots, near the hotel, to various purchasers at an average price of 200.

THE singing class of Prof. John Bowen is about entering on the second quarter. As this is the most successful class in its results, we have had for many years—our musical people should not fail to attend. The class for the second quarter will be made up next Tuesday night, in the lecture room of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. F. P. Crichton will furnish any information to all who apply.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company intend, at an early date, to construct new sidings, tracks &c., at Schenck's station for the accommodation of those who are interested in the field trials of agricultural machinery, the capacity of which will be tested on the grounds leased by the Centennial Commission in that vicinity.

ON every side, during the present week, parties were busy getting in ice. The roads though the country have been alive with wagons transporting large cakes of ice from ponds and streams to ice houses. The ice we have seen is about six inches in thickness and clear as crystal.

ON Tuesday of next week the Sunday School of the M. E. Church will hold a festival in the church building. Candy, cakes, &c. will be abundant, and the entertainment will be interspersed with tableaux, recitations, &c.

As will be seen by our advertising columns, we are to have a music store in Bristol. Mr. Chas. T. Harrison, 46 Mill Street, will conduct it, and will at all times keep on hand a well assorted stock of pianos, organs, &c.

IN Philadelphia, on Saturday, the jury in the case of Joanna Creed, against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, rendered a verdict for the plaintiff for $10,000. Her husband was killed at Schenck's station, November, 1874.

ALL Saints Episcopal Church, Torresdale, will hold its Sunday School celebration on Christmas day. A large Christmas tree will be loaded with gifts for the scholars, and a very pleasant time is expected.

THE Bensalem Horse Company will hold its annual meeting on the 6th day of January, at Byberry Hall, instead of at the public house of Elias T. Hall, as formerly.

THE Magic Hoop play is all the go now in Tullytown. The champion game took place at Mr. John Manning's on Saturday evening, the 18th inst.

MORRIS RIDGE, of Hatboro', Montgomery county, will, we are informed, open a new drug store in Richard Bruton's building, on Mill street.

MRS. CAPTAIN LINCOLN, fell down the stairway leading to her cellar last evening, and badly sprained her wrist.

ELLWOOD P. WRIGHT, of Morrisville, sent to the New York market this week, 60,000 pounds of poultry.

THE Parish School of Andalusia will celebrate Christmas with a Christmas tree under the supervision of E. M. Hopkins.

No freight trains will be run over the Pennsylvania Railroad on Christmas day.

RICHARD BRUTON is having a French roof put on his building on Mill street.

CHARLES HUGHES is building a new house on Falls Avenue, Tullytown.

Centennial Notes.

The Crown Prince of Germany, the Emperor of Brazil, Alexis, the Marquis of Lorne, the King of the Belgians, and the Prince of Wales are expected.

All titled foreigners are to be received upon their arrival by a reception committee composed of some of the most distinguished men in the country.

A part of the inaugural cermonies will be a grand concert at which eminent native and foreign vocalists will sing. The choir or chorus will number 1,000.

☞Don't forget Jackson's is the place to buy your Christmas candies cheap.

Doylestown and Vicinity.

The Bucks County Poultry Association is now holding a fair in the Masonic Hall, in this place. The display of the different kinds of poultry is said to be very grand and numerous. This is the third annual exhibition given by this association, and they have always met with success. Last year it was held in Lenape Hall, and the attendance was good. This year the attendance promises to be much better, as is also the poultry on exhibition. Several of our Doylestown poultry men are among the principal exhibitors. The cages are arranged around the hall in a square, and placed so that the spectator can see them to the most advantage. One of the most attractive and novel sights of the affair is the many different kinds of pigeons, both common and fancy. The exhibition continues until Friday next.

A man was found near the Cross Keys last week with his leg broken. He had with him a bag containing a pair of chickens, which had been taken from the chicken house of George Large, who lives near by. This man said he was in the orchard where some turkeys were roosting, that in order to get them he had to climb a tree, and in doing so he fell and broke his leg. He laid under this tree all night, and was not found until early in the morning. So much for one who was obliged to steal in order to drive the wolf of poverty from his door. He lived in the lower end of Germany, of this village, and has a wife and two children.

Judge Watson ordered a list of jurors to be drawn by the commissioners to serve during an extra week of court in February. The business of the Court of Common Pleas has increased to such an extent that the week allowed at the regular term is not sufficient to dispose of all the cases that should be tried.

All of those who have ice houses have been filling them with some of the best ice that has been cut for years. The thickness measures about 5 inches, and is clear as crystal. This ice is taken from the borough mill dam, the fairest skating place of the young people around the town—much to their utter disgust and disappointment.

Harry Williams, a prisoner who pleaded guilty to a bill of indictment charging him with larceny, and committed to the charge of the officers of the House of Refuge, was returned to jail by the authorities of that institution, owing to some mistake in the commitment.

Hulmeville and Vicinity.

At the regular meeting of the Y. M. C. A. held on Friday evening last, Mr. Wm. Bache opened the debate on "Resolved, That no man should be entitled to vote who cannot read and write." Mr. B. produced a formidable roll of manuscript, which, upon being read, revealed a thorough study of the subject and a comprehensive induction of argument. He was followed by Messrs. Harrison, Brinckloe, Townsend and Griffith, all of whom made some very good hits, and advanced food for thought and reflection relative to this decidedly practical and important subject. Friday evening next is devoted to the Young People's Lyceum, and a committee was appointed to prepare a programme.

John Perry, Esq., our obliging druggist and confectioner, has procured a handsome supply of seasonable goods for the holidays, and will, we hope, be liberally patronized.

Appropriate posters proclaim positively that the "Centennial Minstrel Troupe of Hulmeville will give an entertainment in Johnson's hall, on Saturday evening, Jan. 1st." All who admire and appreciate amateur juvenile Ethiopian representations and delineations can encourage our home "Carncross & Dixey" by attending. Admission price—down with the times—20 cents for adults, and 10 cents for children.

The fair in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. is now in progress, and is quite a pleasant affair. It is under the supervision of our pastor, Rev. Mr. Brinckloe, and a variety of useful and fancy articles are presented for sale.

On Saturday evening we have the Christmas tree at the church for the children, when appropriate exercises will be given. Service will be held in the morning.

The shrill whistle of the locomotive reaches us from the new railroad. The track is laid by Langhorn's hill, and the work is progressing rapidly.

On Tuesday several persons in this vicinity took advantage of the opportunity afforded and filled their ice houses. The ice was very clear and of a good quality.

On Monday evening, at the meeting of the Building Association, a loan of $1000 was sold at 2 per cent. premium.

The two houses on Neshaminy street, of the estate of Joseph Canby, dec'd, were sold on Wednesday;—one to E. G. Harrison for $135, the other to W. G. P. Brinckloe for $132.50.

W. H. Johnson, of this place, is to be the canvasser for the History of Bucks County, compiled by Col. W. W. H. Davis, of the Doylestown *Democrat*. Friend J. has Attleboro' and Hulmeville boroughs and Middletown township alloted as his section for work.

Warminster Notes.

A fatal accident happened at the house of Owen K. Kimbell, near Hatboro', on Monday, the 13th inst. A coal oil lamp exploded, badly burning Mrs. Kimbell and her daughter, who were sitting near. The daughter, aged fourteen, has since died of her injuries. Mrs. Kimbell is in fair way of recovering.

General John Davis, of Davisville, has conferred additional benefits on the inhabitants of that village by placing more side-walk in position.

The large frame hall belonging to the Johnsville Building and Loan Association, which was recently sold to the Railroad Company for a station house at Johnsville, has been moved into position by placing it upon the log wagon of John Darrah. The motive power was supplied by six horses.

John Yerkes, of Washington, D. C., paid a short visit to his relatives and friends in the vicinity of Davisville, last week.

The real estate of the late A. H. Boileau, of Southamptonville, has been disposed of as follows: The store property at Southamptonville, including dwelling, barn, and other improvements, sold to John Woodington, of Northampton, for $8,000; the frame house, and lot, with barn and other improvements, at Davisville, to Frank Ferry for $924.

Jesse Edwards, who recently sold his farm near Southamptonville, has purchased a new house in Ivyland, from Wm. T. Ryan.

☞GROCERIES for the HOLIDAYS.—Sugars, (Granulated, Pulverized, White and Brown), new crops, New Orleans molasses, (very fine) White sugar drips; Syrup at 40c. per gall. New Orleans at 80c. per gall. Teas, Coffees, &c.

at J. WESLEY WRIGHT'S,
Bristol, Pa.

☞The Ark has landed safe, with every thing cheap, at Pier 31, Mill street. And every one purchasing 50 cents worth of goods, receives a prize. Among the many lucky ones this week, was Mr. Wm. Bailey, Gold Plated Watch; Mr. Robert Snyder, Organ, 60 keys.

☞Don't forget to examine the many useful and ornamental articles for Holiday Presents, at A. E. BAYLISS' Jewelry Store, Mill street, between Wood and Pond.

☞Almeria Grapes, Oranges, Lemons, Apples, Dates, Figs, Raisins, Currants, Prunes, Cocoanuts, Bananas, &c., at Jackson's Boston Bee.

☞Children, (a secret) Santa Claus is one of Wood's best costomers, he says "he must economize this year, and make his money go twice as far as last."

☞The Big Cane has arrived all safe, and is hanging up in the window of the Boston Bee. Go and take a guess on it.

☞Mixtures, 20 and 30c. per lb, at Jackson's.

☞TO THE PEOPLE OF BRISTOL AND VICINITY.—All who are in search of Holiday goods would do well to first call and examine the stock in the store next to the Canal bridge.

Although we cannot "guarantee goods at one half the price of any other store in Bristol," yet we would be pleased to show our friends the largest, freshest, most complete, and as cheap a stock of goods as can be found in Bucks county.

While it is always desirable to get goods at as low a price as possible, it is equally desirable to know that the quality is always up to the standard.

Our stock of Domestic Dry Goods such as Muslin, Calicoes, etc., is very full, and lower than they have been for years.

Stock of Dress Goods still complete, and those who are looking for dress patterns for holiday suits cannot fail to be suited either in quality or price, ranging all the way from plaid goods at 15c a yd to silks at $2.00 per yd.

Ladies, misses and children's Furs, just the thing for Christmas and cold weather.

Ladies Sacques and Beaver cloths for Sacques.

Our variety of Fancy Goods is the largest and most complete we have ever had the pleasure to offer before.

Ladies, Gents and Children's Handkerchiefs, Hem Stitched, corded and bordered, from 75c to $3.00 per box.

Ladies Silk Neck Handkerchiefs and Ties, Silk and Alpaca Umbrellas.

Ladies' Work Baskets and Boxes, Floral extracts, Florida Water and Fine Soaps, Fine Leather Goods, Satchels, Pocket Books, etc., Fancy Glass Ware, Toilet Sets, Vases &c.

Dolls, Toys, Dolls, Toys, Dolls, Toys, Dolls, Dolls,

Sleds, Express Wagons and Tool Chests for the boys. J. WESLEY WRIGHT,
Bristol, Pa.

☞BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Silver Plated Tea Spoons.
Silver Plated Table Spoons.
Silver Plated Knives.
Silver Plated Forks.

These goods are warranted best make.

Sold two dollars a dozen below Philadelphia and New York prices.

Also fine Scissors and Pocket Knives.

Skates, cheaper than ever before offered in Bristol.

Fine Sleds for boys and girls.
Spice Boxes—with six apartments.
Nut Crackers.

All at the hardware store of J. S. Thomas, Radcliffe street, Samuel Pike's old store.

☞Mr. F. P. Stults, Watchmaker, 10½ Broad street, Trenton, N. J., intends giving away three prizes, two silver watches and a fine bronze clock, on the same plan that he gave the $100 Gold Watch away. He will commence giving out tickets about the 20th of this month.

☞PUBLIC NOTICE.—S. A. Gump will sell from date to the first of January, 1876, his $8 boy's suits for $6; $12 suits for $10, and all other goods in proportion, for cash. A discount of 5 per cent on all sales above five dollars.

Bristol, Pa., Dec. 17, 1875.

☞A crowd of happy smiling faces—
Each with packs of Christmas goods,
A rare sight—in other places—
Always seen at J. H. Wood's.

☞Ladies you will save time and money by going at once to the old established Fur store of A. D'Ancona's, 622 Arch street.

☞A very large assortment of children's Furs. All the latest styles at A. D'Ancona's, 622 Arch street.

☞Pursell's Fever and Ague Mixture is sold more than any remedy of its kind in this part of the county.

☞Russia and Hudson Bay Sable Furs in great varities at A. D'Ancona's, 622 Arch street

☞Horsford's Acid Phosphate and Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, at Dr. Pursells.

☞Make one dollar do the duty of two,—Wood's cheap store, 58 Mill street, Bristol.

☞Norny's Preserving Powder and Upham's Fresh Meat Cure, at Dr. Pursell's.

☞Seal Sacques and sets, elegantly made and trimmed, at A. D'Ancona's, 622 Arch street.

☞Seeley's Hard Rubber Trusses are the best—price $5 at Dr. Pursells.

☞All kinds of patent roofing done on terms to suit every one, by Wm. A. Girton Bristol.

☞Read Wood's new price list.

☞Condensed Milk at Dr. Pursell's.

☞Have you visited the Ark yet.

MARRIED.

CARVER—THORNTON.—In Bristol, December 18, 1875, at the Baptist parsonage, by Rev. C. E. Harden, Mr. Joseph O. Carver, of Brownsburg, and Miss Eliza Thornton, of Newportville.

DIED.

BUCKMAN.—On Seventh-day, the 18th inst., of apoplexy, Joshua V. Buckman, in the 73d year of his age.

YORKS.—In Bristol township, December 21, 1875, Mrs. Ann Yorks, aged about 85 years.
The relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of John Kelly, above the Hollow Bridge, on Friday, 24th inst., at 1 o'clock P. M.

CHAPMAN.—On December 22d, 1875, Frank H. Chapman, aged 15 months and 7 days.
The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of his grandparents, Humels, Mill street, on Thursday, December 23d, at 3 o'clock P. M.

None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise
"Our Frankie."

Special Notices.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, FOR THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION, COUGHS AND COLDS.

The great virtue of this medicine is that it ripens the matter and throws it out of the system, purifies the blood, and thus effects a cure.

SCHENCK'S SEA WEED TONIC, FOR THE CURE OF DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, ETC.

The Tonic produces a healthy action of the stomach, creating an appetite, forming chyle, and curing the most obstinate cases of Indigestion.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS, FOR THE CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT, ETC.

These remedies are a certain cure for Consumption, as the Pulmonic Syrup ripens the matter and purifies the blood. The Mandrake Pills act upon the liver, create a healthy bile, and removes all diseases of the liver, often a cause of Consumption. The Sea Weed Tonic gives tone and strength to the stomach, makes a good digestion, and enables the organs to form good blood; and thus creates a healthy circulation of healthy blood. The combined action of these medicines, as thus explained, will cure every case of Consumption, if taken in time, and the use of the medicines persevered in.

Dr. Schenck is professionally at his principal office, corner Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, every Monday where all letters for advice must be addressed. Schenck's medicines for sale by all Druggists.

ROGERS' MAGNETIC OIL AND LIVER PILLS,

WILL Cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Diseases of the Kidneys, and Fever and Ague.
DR. S. ROGERS, Proprietor,
No. 206 Dock Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Sold by druggists and dealers in Patent Medicines. 59

For Sale or to Let.

TWO NINE-ROOM HOUSES on East corner of Lafayette and Wood Streets. Price, $2,000. Rent, $150. Houses of all descriptions for sale.
217 JOSHUA PEIRCE.

New Advertisements.

Agricultural Steamers and Farm Boilers,

ROOT CUTTERS, Corn Shellers, Fodder Cutters, Grain Measures and Scoops, Grain Bags, Trucks, Straw Forks and Rakes, Axes, Post Axes, Post Augers, &c., &c., for sale by
J. W. CORNELL & CO.,
Agricultural Warehouse,
88 Warren Street, Trenton, N. J.
Farmers' Pocket Knives.

For Sale or to Let.

TWO DRESSED STONE HOUSES ON JEFFERSON AVE. Price, $6,500. Rent, $600. Houses of all descriptions for sale.
216 JOSHUA PEIRCE.

Caution.

ALL persons are cautioned against purchasing or negotiating a due bill drawn by me in favor of W. W. Rose, for Twenty-five Dollars, as I am not indebted to him for that amount.
F. W. BENNETT,
220 Hulmeville, Pa.

A. STINEMETZ,
1029 Ridge Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.,

MARBLE MANTLES, MONUMENTS AND GRAVE STONES. 218

Auditor's Notice.

THE undersigned, Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Bucks County to examine, and if necessary restate the accounts of William Hawk, Administrator of the estate of Thomas McDonald, late of the Borough of Bristol, in said county, deceased, and to make distribution of the balance remaining in the hands of the said administrator amongst the persons entitled thereto, hereby gives notice to all parties interested, that he will meet them at the office of Vanartsdalen & Lawrence, in the Borough of Bristol, in said county, on THURSDAY, the THIRTEENTH DAY OF JANUARY, 1876, at 10 o'clock A. M., to attend to the duties of his appointment.
GEO. A. JENKS,
221 Auditor.

SOMETHING NEW!

MUSIC STORE,
46 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

THE CELEBRATED ARION PIANO,
Estey's Superior Cottage and Parlor Organs.
Also the Bay State Organ. Prices from $60 to $75.
For sale by
219 CHARLES T. HARRISON.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

'Tis the eve before Christmas, when all through the streets,
We meet busy buyers of toys and sweetmeats.
The children all eager with thoughts of the morn,
Start off in their dreams at the sound of the horn
Blown loudly by some noisy rollicking boys,
Who are also out for a raid on the toys.
The night may be stormy, perchance it is clear,
But whate'er the weather, the time brings good cheer.
The faces we meet are all smiling and gay,
Because they expect to see Christmas next day;
And who ever is out, be it master or miss,
If they watch carefully, will be sure to see Chris.
For this eve, 'bove all others from his cozy home draws
No less a great person than old Santa Claus,
Who has saved up his pence till they reach a great pile
And to see him spend money 't would make you smile.
His great honest face lights up with much pleasure,
As he fills his large sack with its bright load of treasure.
To see the nice presents would make the mouth water—
Of any bright lad or golden haired daughter.
And when children jump from their beds in the morning
And see the fat stockings the mantel adorning;
The table well filled with presents so good,
They will know that old Santa has been to see Wood,

Who keeps everything in the way of useful and ornamental Christmas gifts, Toys, Dolls, China Figures. Motto Handkerchiefs as low as 12 and 15 cts; Brackets, Toy Books, Pocket Book with lock, 12c.; Pocket Knives 18, 20 and 25 cts; fine imported variety of Gents and Ladies Underwear at hard time prices. Striped Stockings, good—10 cts All goods warranted at or below city price. Come and be convinced.
J. H. WOOD, 58 Mill Street,
Corner Mill and Wood Sts., BRISTOL, PA.
913

Stoves! Stoves!
AT COST! AT COST!
For the next Thirty Days.
OUR STOCK OF HEATING
STOVES
Will be sold at a small percentage above Cost
FOR THE NEXT THIRTY DAYS.
Now is the Time to Secure
Great Bargains in Stoves!

Roofing and Spouting
MADE A SPECIALTY.
TIN ROOFS
PUT ON OVER OLD SHINGLE ROOFS.
A. BARNARD,
BRISTOL STOVE HOUSE,
Mill Street opposite Post Office,
BRISTOL, PA.
Orders by mail promptly attended to. 82

For Rent.

A FOUR ROOMED HOUSE FOR $5 A MONTH. Apply to
CHARLES S. BAILEY,
197 Radcliffe Street.

Family and Day School for Young Ladies,
BRISTOL, PA.
Address, MISS A. MERRIAM, Principal.
148

Hog Scalder.

HOG SCALDER with new Boiler, all in good order, to hire by
ISAAC C. FETTER,
Newportville Mills,
152 Bucks County, Pa.

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks County.
Bristol, Pa., 12th mo. 8th, 1875.

THE Annual Meeting of Stockholders will be held at the Banking House, on Third-day the 11th of First mo. next, between the hours of 10 and 2 o'clock, for an election of Directors for the ensuing year.
201 CHAS. T. IREDELL, Cashier.

Money to Loan
ON FIRST MORTGAGE.
ENQUIRE of McFARLAND BROS.,
210 No. 18 Decatur Street, Philadelphia.

$50,000
TO LOAN on FIRST MORTGAGES,
OF NOT LESS THAN $1,000.
Apply to E. G. HARRISON,
Commercial Insurance Company,
204 Office, 44 Mill Street, Bristol.

New Market House
BY
DAVID G. MICHENER,
No. 103 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.,
(East side of Canal Bridge.)
Excellent Beef, Sausage, &c., constantly on hand, cheaper than the cheapest.
885

Public Sale
OF A
VALUABLE HOUSE AND LOT,

SITUATED ON WOOD STREET, near Market, Bristol Borough, adjoining lands of William K. Evans, and Henry Sheetz, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1876, at 2 o'clock P. M., (sharp), on the premises, a good three-story Frame Dwelling House, with back buildings,—main building 18x28; back building, 12x23; hall, parlor, sitting-room, dining-room and kitchen on first floor; entry and two rooms on second floor, and entry and two rooms on third floor. The lot is 47 feet front by 90 feet deep to a 12 foot alley. There is a good stable on the rear of the lot, and a good well of water under cover. This property is handsomely located in the centre of the borough, is in first-rate order, having been completely painted and repaired within a short time. It is well located for a residence or a place of business, and it will positively be sold to the highest bidder.
BENJAMIN BRIGGS,
Attorney for Heirs of SUSAN B. HEADLEY, Dec'd.

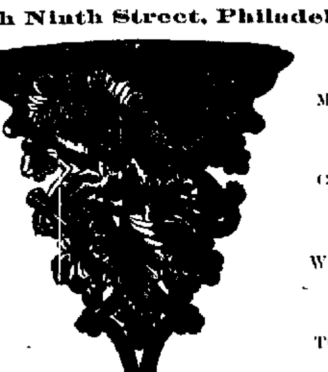
Also, at the same time and place, a valuable LOT OF LAND, situated at the corner of Otter and Locust Streets, running back to Pearl Street. This lot is located on one of the main streets of the borough, in a good neighborhood, and it will positively be sold.
BENJAMIN BRIGGS, Administrator,
De bonis non, cum testamento annexo.
WM. KINSEY, Auctioneer. 208

Philadelphia.

THE Bryant & Stratton BUSINESS COLLEGE,
ASSEMBLY BUILDING, S. W. COR. TENTH AND CHESTNUT STREETS,
Entrance, 108 South Tenth St., below Chestnut,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Scholarships good in 46 Colleges in the United States and Canadas. Actual business transactions between the students of the different institutions. Individual instruction. No vacations. Students received at any time. For particulars, call or send for Catalogue. 192

R. T. H. STILEMAN,
UNION HYDRAULIC
Machine Works,
GERMANTOWN AVE. & SECOND ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.
Stop Cocks, Fire Plugs, Station Valves, &c.,
For the use of Water Works and Railroads. Also "Stileman's Patent Fire Plug" for use of Steam Engines.
PATTERN MAKING, BLACKSMITHING
Drilling Machines, Hammers, Chisels, Caulking Irons, Gasking Irons, Lead Furnaces, and all Tools appertaining to Pipe Laying.
Residence, 124 Edward Street. 1020

WILLIAM HEACOCK'S
Warerooms of Fancy Cabinet Work
FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
No. 18 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia.



CHAMBER SUITS — PARLOR SUITS
FOOT RESTS. PARLOR EASELS. PARLOR BRACKETS. BOQUET TABLES.
MATCH SAFES. CAMP CHAIRS. WALL POCKETS, TOWEL RACKS,
Book Shelves, Dressing Cases, Fancy Chairs, Rocking Chairs, &c.
946

WATSON FREEMAN. EDGAR A. MILLER.

FREEMAN & MILLER,
Successors to ROBERT Freeman & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN THOROUGHLY RELIABLE
WALNUT FURNITURE,
For Bed-Rooms, Dining-Rooms, Halls, Libraries, &c. &c. &c.
Our $55 Walnut Dressing Case Chamber Suit, three pieces, Italian Marble Tops, is selling very rapidly, and meeting with general approbation, and we especially recommend it to those wishing low priced goods. Our stock of fine goods is as complete as usual in all its variety, and our prices as low as the *lowest* for the same grade of goods.
FREEMAN & MILLER,
124 45 North Second Street, Philadelphia.

THE BEST PLACE TO BUY GOODS!
WILKINS & SMITH,
Furniture and Carpet Dealers,
219 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia.
AN ENTIRE NEW STOCK, CONSISTING OF
PARLOR AND BED-ROOM SETS,
DINING TABLES, CHAIRS, LOUNGES, BRUSSELS AND INGRAIN CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, SHADES, &c.,
At the Lowest Prices. 966

C. LEUTZ,
FURNITURE WAREROOMS,
431 North Second Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

OLD FURNITURE
NEATLY REPAIRED,
RE-UPHOLSTERED AND VARNISHED.
CHAIR AND SPRING MATTRESSES
MADE TO ORDER. 112

CARPETS.
GREAT BARGAINS IN CARPETS.
TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, $1.10, $1.25 and $1.50 per yard.
INGRAINS, 40c., 50c., 75c. and $1.00 per yard.
HALL AND STAIR, 40c., 50c. and 75c. per yard.
A large assortment of new and handsome Patterns, at
GREEN'S Old Reliable Carpet Store,
323 NORTH SECOND STREET,
Second Carpet Store above Vine. [965] PHILADELPHIA

WINDOW SHADES,
CURTAINS AND FURNITURE,
AT THE LOWEST PRICES CONSISTENT WITH QUALITY. Estimates and Designs for town and country homes furnished free.
WALRAVEN'S, 1105 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
947

JOSEPH G. HARVEY. NIMROD A. HARVEY.
HARVEY BROTHERS,
FURNITURE WAREROOMS,
345 NORTH SECOND STREET, above Vine, Philadelphia.
A full assortment of superior Furniture on hand. Goods carefully packed and shipped. 878

Ready Made Dress Suits
IN THE LATEST PARISIAN STYLES,
CONTANTLY ON HAND AT
MADAME M. D. CAHILL'S
Parlor Show Rooms,
1216 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA. 1216
After the New York style (where all the most Fashionable establishments of this character are located up-stairs), these parlors are on the second floor, front room, and easy of access. Suits guaranteed in 24 hours. Special attention given to private orders. Prices to suit the times.
189

EMBELLISH YOUR HOMES AND SAVE MONEY.
Looking Glasses, Chromos and Picture Frames.
LOOKING GLASS, from floor to ceiling, $55; large French Plate, $30; elegant Parlor Glasses, from $10 to $20; large Chromo, in Gilt Frame, $6; Walnut Photograph Frames, 15 cents,—durable and cheap.
1028 (R.,) 611 North Second Street, Philadelphia.

UMBRELLAS AND CANES.
Holiday Presents.
M. & A. HASSLER'S Manufactory.
634 Arch St., 3 doors below Seventh, Philadelphia.
THE finest and largest assortment of SILK, ALPACA and ZANILLA UMBRELLAS with plain and fancy handles. Storm King and other Umbrellas. Gold and Ivory Head, and Natural Wood Canes in immense variety. 111

W. D. CLAYTON'S
GALLERY OF PHOTOGRAPHY,
No. 9 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia,
Portraits in Oil, Pastal, Crayon, India Ink, Water Color and Plain,
PORCELAIN MINIATURES A SPECIALTY.
186 WALTER DINMORE, Photographer.

THE
Paris Scouring and Dyeing Emporium.
THE ONLY PRACTICAL PLACE IN THE CITY.
161 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia.
JOHN M. NEURATH, ... Proprietor.
Gentlemen's clothing Cleansed, Dyed and Altered to the latest fashion. Ladies Silk Dresses, Morie Antique, Opera Cloaks and Woolen Fabrics, Feathers, Kid Gloves, Gaiters, Piano and Table Covers cleansed and Dyed by an entirely new process, which is superior to anything yet known to the public. 188

The Cheapest and Most Reliable Cloak, Suit and Fur Store.
Northwest Corner Eighth and Race Streets, Philadelphia.
CLOAKS at $5.00, Cloaks at $6.00, Cloaks at $8.00, Cloaks at $10.00 up to $50.00. Our $10.00 Coats a perfect gem. Suits from $10.00 up. FURS.—Children's Furs, 75 cents a set and up, Sable, Seal, Alaska and Mink Furs at prices to suit the times. Our Children's Coats, and Ladies' and Children's Waterproofs we sell very fast from the fact of their being very cheap and good. It will pay you whatever part of the country you reside to visit this Cheap and Fashionable Emporium. ISAAC CASSERER,
185 Northwest Corner Eighth and Race Streets, Philadelphia.

Philadelphia.

W. H. RHODES,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
No. 1800 Frankford Ave.,
Corner Montgomery Avenue,
PHILADELPHIA.
The Illuminated Photograph
IN GREAT VARIETY.
Particular attention given to
LARGE PHOTOGRAPHS
In Oil, Crayon, India Ink and Water Colors.
Established and in successful operation since 1860.
158

Buy your Groceries
OF
R. K. BARRETT,
462 North Second Street,
A few doors below the Red Lion Hotel.
PHILADELPHIA.
Our Teas and Coffees
Are equal to any in the City. 62

THOMAS J. GILLEN,
DEALER IN
Fine Groceries,
Teas, Coffees, Spices, Etc.,
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS.
529 North Second Street,
30 PHILADELPHIA.

ASHWORTH BROTHERS,
GROCERS
AND
TEA DEALERS,
N. E. Cor. SECOND & BROWN STREETS,
PHILADELPHIA. 992

THOMAS RILEY,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Grocer and Tea Dealer,
No. 234 Girard Avenue,
PHILADELPHIA. 823

JOHN GREEN,
PARK
Packing, Curing and Smoking
ESTABLISHMENT,
S. E. Corner Norris and Howard Streets,
PHILADELPHIA. 926

W. JAY STEVENSON. WM. FALOON.
LOOKING GLASSES
AND
PICTURE FRAMES
RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES. Old Gold Frames Re-Gilt and made to look as good as new. CHROMOS MOUNTED and PICTURES FRAMED at STEVENSON & CO'S,
921 Market St., (2d Floor), Philadelphia.
Give us a trial. 946

WILLIAM A. BACKHUS,
Grocer and Tea Dealer,
N. E. CORNER THIRD AND SOUTH STS.,
PHILADELPHIA.
Hams, Fish and Flour specialties. 100

Hams a specialty.
JAMES MAGUIRE, JR.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Hams, Teas, Coffees,
FLOUR, SPICES, CANNED FRUITS, BUTTER AND EGGS, SHOULDERS, FLITCH, &c.
Sugar Cured Hams, 13 cents per pound.
No. 236 South Street, Philadelphia. 90

J. C. LONG, JR.
DEALER IN
Fancy Fowls, Pigeons and Pets.
CAGES OF ALL KINDS.
Bird Seed, Mockingbird Food, and Song Birds a specialty.
39 NORTH NINTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA. 951

PARKER & KANE,
Norris Square Marble Works,
MANUFACTURERS OF
MONUMENTS, MARBLE MANTLES, &c.
Cemetery Lots Enclosed, Plumbers' Work, &c.
S. W. Cor. Hope and Diamond Sts.,
Between Front and Second, within two squares of Kensington Depot,
868 PHILADELPHIA.

417 LEATHER. 417
GENERAL ASSORTMENT, Red and Oak Sole, Shoe Skirting, Bellows, Harness and Fly Strap, Wax Upper, French Kips, and Calf Skins, Linings, Apron Skins, &c., &c. Storekeepers supplied at low rates. J. E. MAULE & SON,
417 N. Second Street, Philadelphia.
1026

SLATE MANTELS
ESTABLISHED 1853.
Of the latest and most beautiful designs; and all other Slate Work on hand or made to order.
Factory and Salesrooms, No. 1210 Ridge Ave.,
PHILADELPHIA.
25 WILSON & MILLER.

WILLIAM M. HALL,
GEOMETRICAL STAIR BUILDER
AND
ARCHITECTURAL DRAUGHTSMAN,
No. 2136 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia.
All kinds of Stairs designed and put up in city and country. Orders through post punctually attended to. Hand Rails worked from drawings. 1013

GEORGE W. BUTLER,
DEALER IN
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,
918 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
Agent for DEXTER WASHING MACHINES, the best in the market. Clothes Wringers repaired.
181

DUCKET HARMAN,
WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER,
FACTORY AND STORE
1937 Frankford Road, Philad'a.
Dealer in
Clocks, Watches,
JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, SILVER-PLATED WARE, &c. Masonic Marks and Society Badges of all kinds on hand and made to order.
REPAIRING of all kinds promptly attended to.
61

JAMES P. WOOD & CO.,
41 SOUTH FOURTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA,
Low Pressure Steam and Hot Water Heating Apparatus, with Gold's Patent Cast-Iron Radiators. Wood's American Kitchener, and Paris Ranges.
GRIFFITHS' PATENT ARCHIMEDIAN VENTILATORS.
☞Steam Fitting in all its branches.
JAMES P. WOOD & CO.,
41 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.
27

Basket Factory,
TOY AND VARIETY STORE,
CHILDREN'S COACHES, VELOCIPEDES,
Table Cutlery, Spoons, &c., &c.,
Wholesale and Retail.
BASKETS OF ALL KINDS MADE TO ORDER.
SIMPSON, No. 330 North Second St.,
Below Callowhill, PHILADELPHIA.
165

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

A CHRISTMAS-EVE ADVENTURE.

You wake, Mamie?
I tan't do seep.
Tink I hear Santy Tlu
Wie' I tood peep!
Dem-me-me sleeting.
Dess what we'll det?
Santy Claus tummin,
And tummin yet,
Tumee's so early.
Let's go hide here
Back o' dat sofa,
Look troo our hair!

Back o' dis sofa?
Such a wide dark!
Dess I don't like it much—
Dere he tums, hark!
Now, I'll just tell 'oo,
Mamie, my dear,
I'se 'fraid he won't like it
Findin' us here.

What makes 'oo shiver?
Starin' just so!
Shut 'oor eyes, Mamie!
I say let's go!
I ain't a bit frightened,
But let's—just for fun—
See who tan det back first,
Tum—Mamie, let's run.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS-EVE.

BY ELIAS COLBERT.

Many centuries ago, long before the ruthless hand of science had snatched away the golden charm which linked the angels and the stars with men, in daily communion,

When time was young,
And birds conversed as well as sung,
And gift of speech was not confined
Merely to brutes of human kind,

the whole creation, since reduced by modern philosophy to an innumerable assemblage of masses of inanimate matter, dotted here and there, with specks of thinking organisms, was pulsing with life. Man was not, then, the sole entity of intelligent existence in the visible universe. The beasts of the field and forest held parliamentary sessions. The denizens of the briny deep claimed oral affinity with their brethren of the land. The insect world thought aloud; and even the trees and the grasses were endowed with the power of speech. Still, man was the most highly favored of them all. The angels came down in the daytime, and talked with him; while at night the stars twinkled responsively to his salutations, and pointed out to him his destiny as they slowly wandered through the heavens. There was sin in the world, and "death by sin," for primeval innocence no longer existed. But the harmony of nature had not been disturbed by the iconoclast of to-day. The morning stars sang together, without fear of modern criticism, while the Sons of God "shouted aloud for joy;" and the refrain was taken up in gladsome chorus by the inhabitants of earth, the whole creation joining in a vocal anthem in praise of its Creator.

Years rolled by. Other years followed in their train, and yet more; the gloom cast o'er the face of Nature by "man's first disobedience, and the fruit of that forbidden tree" deepening with the flight of centuries. Gradually the angels withdrew from the walks of men. The stars grew more "distant," shrinking from familiarity with the growing corruption of the human race; and the lower animals became dumb with astonishment at the conduct of their representatives in the court of the higher intelligences. A night of thick darkness had settled down upon the descendants of Adam; their accumulated wickedness cried to Heaven as the blood of Abel. A fate seemed to be impending, utter as that which befell the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah—universal as that which overtook the world in the days of Noah.

It was a lovely night, near midwinter, 1879 years ago, as the sun touched the lowest point in his southward trend, before rising again towards the summit of the heavens, when Nature was roused from her slumbers to witness and take part in an event which formed a third epoch in the history of the world. No tocsin gave warning of an occurrence equally memorable with the creation of our own globe; but the news was mysteriously conveyed to every part of the universe. From the bright shining stars to the least particle of matter that forms a molecule on this earth, all were wakened up into new life; all partook of an excitement not paralleled since the ultimate atoms first began to gather together to form chemical elements and then worlds.

A little spot in the beautiful land of Palestine was the centre of an attraction, equally wonderful, and not less mighty, than that which causes the ponderous Jupiter to revolve around the sun. The birds of the air came flocking together, attracted by the mysterious influence, which they seemed to recognize, if they could not understand. The beasts of the field gathered from afar, in lessening circles, and went down on their knees in solemn reverence. Even the beasts of prey seemed to forget their instinctive desire to devour, and stood transfixed with solemn awe. The clouds which had gathered early in the evening slowly disappeared as midnight approached, melting away into nothingness through the ethereal vault; and the very face of nature was changed, the grass springing up, and the trees blossoming anew as when the summer draweth nigh.

The earth was canopied by the most brilliant of the starry host, and from the northwest to the southern quarter of the heavens stretched the milky stream of starlight that once formed the pathway along which angels passed on their errands between man and the throne of the Eternal. Only two of the then-known planets were above the horizon. The moon was nearing the end of her last quarter, following the beautiful Venus, which, about the time that the first gray streaks of dawn were visible in the eastern sky, would rise as Phosphor, or "Lucifer, the son of the morning," heralding the approach of the sun. Mars had already sunk in the west, and the winged-heeled Mercury was near the Nadir, dancing attendance upon Apollo in the stellar Hades. The giant Jupiter, with his little family of worlds, had recently passed near the zenith, and his light rivaled that of the mighty Sirius; both far outshining the jewels in the Belt of Orion, which were nearly equidistant from those two resplendent orbs. Jupiter was preceded by his elder brother, Saturn, whose paler light was scarcely less bountifully dispensed to the inhabitants of earth, as he ticked off the flight of time at the rate of one year for each day in the lunar circuit,—a labor which had long before gained for him the title of "Chronos."

Suddenly the heavenly vault itself seemed to be quickened into a new life; expanding into the form that had been assigned by the earlier sages, which changed their attitudes into unison with the scene below. The Lamb (the Ram of our present Zodiac), sinking peacefully to rest in the bosom of night, aroused itself at once to take part in the solemn pageant. Cassiopea looked up from her throne, and the shackles fell from the limbs of Andromeda at the touch of her deliverer. The Bull ceased his threatening attitude towards the monster Orion; who, in turn, dropped his club, and lifted his foot from the neck of the Hare, which he had trampled in to submission for untold ages. The Bears, high up in the northeastern regions, paused in their journey around the Pole (to escape the bite of the howling dog, and the lash of the vengeful Herdsman), and looked down upon the scene with equal interest; while the hounds themselves, as if wearied with the chase, turned to gaze in mute adoration. The Wagoner rested in the attempt to lasso the Twins, who twined still more closely in their loving embrace. The Lion, toiling rapidly up the steep ascent towards the fervid heats of the mid-heaven, no longer reared defiance to the rest of the heavenly host, but went submissively, as if charmed for awhile into prestine innocence by the majesty of the scene. The Raven ceased its croaking, and the Snake withdrew its forked tongue, as if it, too, would be at peace with earth and Heaven. The Greater Dog, stern but faithful guardian of the Nile, who had heralded the rising of its mighty waters many centuries before the pyramids were built, or the Sphynx put forth its riddles, assumed a look of unwonted benevolence. The Virgin, coming up from the East with a sparkling brilliant in her hand, shining resplendent, like Venus rising from the sea-foam, was hailed in beauty, glittering in all the purity of maidenhood.

Gradually the sun neared the lowest point in his diurnal circuit. As he touched the nether meridian, the constellations themselves gave way, and broke up in the glow of light from their component gems. Every member of the stellar universe was again individualized; but only that each star, shining brightly in the cloudless sky, might be transformed from a speck of light to a living being. Their scintillating rays assumed the shape of pinions, on which the celestial messengers of the Eternal winged their way through space. The majestic sirius, brightest of all the stars, and prince of the firmament in the absence of the god of day, seemed like the archangel, whose effulgence outshines that of the ordinary seraph, as the sun pales the moon when in her presence. The valiant Procyon followed in his train. The mighty Arcturus, "with his sons," pointed towards the throne around which clustered the cherubim, as they winged their flight towards the earth. The beauteous Capella took up her kids in de honor to the occasion. Castor and Pollux suspended their arrangement to be immortal by turns, and moved together in a harmonious blaze of glory. The mainsail hand (Charles) steered a female form that beckoned to a celestial Elysium. The "Basilisk" (our Leonis) appeared as the Lion of the Tribe of Judah from whose loins should spring the Lord's Anointed One; while Aldebaran led the way. Only one of the prominent stars in the visible heavens failed to join in the great transformation; the Demon Star, in the head of the Gorgon, retreated behind its gaseous satellite, as if ashamed to appear in a physical aspect, not in harmony with the rest. It was a concourse of stars, of angels, of men: that seemed to be gathered with a common object,—uniting for some common purpose, that should be fraught with untold happiness to the inhabitants of earth.

Amid this unwonted display, the two greater planets had moved silently and steadily though swiftly forward, seeming to take no need of the general transfiguration. Now the radiance of Jupiter took on the form of the god whose thunders had shaken Olympus in the hoary past. But his hand no longer held the bolts before which heaven had so often quailed; it now grasped the trident of Neptune, the symbol of a mysterious Trinity, soon to be revealed to the world. Then, even Old Father Chronos paused in his tireless flight, and, from his position on the prime vertical over the western horizon, waved his hour glass as a signal that the culminating act in the drama should begin. As he did so his features seemed to change from the rugosity of age, back to the juvenile freshness they exhibited when he set forth on his travels at the dawn of creation. The phenomenon was a fit accompaniment to the beginning of a new era; the year "one" no longer dating from the time when the breath of life was breathed into the nostrils of Adam by the Elohim. The signal was responded to by six of the seven daughters of Atlas, the Pleiades, who moved eastward to the zenith. Since their flight the seventh has been invisible to mortal eye, her brightness being dimmed by the act of disobedience, as Adam lost his corona of light when he fell. Those six, the Western Atlantides, more favored than their sister Hyades, wended their flight towards the Crab, in mid-heaven. From out its shining depths they called the Cradle nebula, which, studded with living jewels, between two milk-white asses, was borne by them downward, and to the spot where the worshipers of earth had gathered in reverential attitude. As the gorgeous procession neared the ground, a tiny human form appeared within the burden, and the very air seemed to be warmed as by the breath of Omnipotence. Then the angelic forms assumed by the stars in the Belt of Orion, which had "come up from the East" during the evening, approached as three kings, their flowing beards, and talismanic-covered garments, proclaiming them as belonging to the *Magi*. They bore rich offerings in their hands, which they laid at the feet of the little stranger. The first a purse of gold, the offering of earth dross to the heaven-born one. The second, a gift of precious stones, brighter than any that adorned the crown of Solomon, or the breast-plate of the High Priest of Israel in the days when God answered his chosen people by Urim and Thummim. The third offered rich spices, whose perfumes, filling the air, were emblematic of kingly adoration in life, and also of preservation in death. As they drew around the infant form, the earth-born ones clustered forth a joyous anthem, which was taken up by the whole host of heaven, and chanted in every part of the universe, "Peace on earth; good will to men."

The morning twilight dawned upon a world in slumbers. The stars had resumed their places in the firmament, and their light rapidly faded before that of the approaching sun. No trace remained of the midnight pomp; except a baby, "wrapped in swaddling-clothes, and lying in a manger," near which was grouped a party of shepherds, who had left their flocks reposing in the neighboring fields while they went to see what had caused the unparalleled commotion of the previous night.

Unparalleled afterwards, as before! The history of that night was too grand to be repeated. A tradition existed, for many centuries afterward, that on each return of the anniversary of that consensus, the cattle on a thousand hills repeated the obeisance then tendered Him to whom every knee should bow. But even that homage is no longer paid. The cold facts of a Grudgrind-world are not now disturbed by mutual deference or devotion. Still less by celestial interference in the affairs of men. The stars have ceased to be personal, though they yet teach general truths to those who interrogate them aright; and nature no longer speaks, except in that, small voice, in which the Prophet Elijah heard more than was told in the whirlwind and the storm. But the events of that night have formed the warp of all subsequent history, the woof to which has been gradually filled in by man in succeeding generations. Not until the angels stand with one foot on the sea and the other upon the earth, and swear by Him that liveth forever that there shall be time no longer, will that mighty web be finished. Nor will it be unraveled in eternity. The peace then declared between man and his Creator, sealed by the blood of the Holy One, and ratified by the deaths of countless thousands of martyrs, is a bond between Earth and Heaven that may never be broken. It is a peace which passes all understanding; and, like the Word of the Lord, then given, endureth forever.

[NOTE.—There are good reasons for placing the Birth of Christ four years earlier than the date assigned by the Christian era. The writer also wishes to disarm hostile criticism by admitting that the "Hunting-Dogs" are not in the list of constellations enumerated by Ptolemy. If any one still insists that they ought not to have been introduced, or that the Magian gifts have been misrepresented, he, or she, is commended to the Apology of Pandrus,—*de fectionat fatis fabulis*."]

WHEN SANTA CLAUS COMES.

A good time is coming; I wish it were here!—
The very best time in the whole of the year:
I'm counting each day on my fingers and thumbs,
The days that must pass before Santa Claus comes.

Good-bye for a while, then, to lessons and school;
We can laugh, talk, and sing, without "breaking the rule!"
No troublesome writing, nor spelling, nor sums;
There's nothing but play-time when Santa Claus comes.

I'll hang up my stocking to hold what he brings;
I hope he will fill it with lots of nice things;
He must know how dearly I love sugar-plums,
I'd like a big hoop'ul when Santa Claus comes.

And now that the snow-flakes begin to come down,
And the wind whistles sharp and the branches are brown,
I don't mind the cold, though my fingers it numbs,
For it brings the time nearer when Santa Claus comes.

A SIMPLE BILL OF FARE FOR A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

All good recipe-books give bills of fare for different occasions, bills of fare for grand dinners, bills of fare for little dinners; dinners to cost so much per head; dinners "which can be easily prepared with one servant," and so on. They give bills of fare for one week; bills of fare for each day in the month, to avoid too great monotony in diet. There are bills of fare for dyspeptics; bills of fare for consumptives; bills of fare for fat people, and bills of fare for thin; and bills of fare for hospitals, asylums, and prisons, as well as for gentlemen's houses. But among them all, we never saw the one which we give below. It has never been printed in any book; but it has been used in families. We are not drawing on our imagination for its items. We have sat at such dinners; we have helped prepare such dinners; we believe in such dinners; they are within everybody's means. In fact, the most marvelous thing about this bill of fare is that the dinner does not cost a cent.

Ho! all ye that are hungry and thirsty, and would like so cheap a Christmas dinner, listen to this

BILL OF FARE.

First Course.—GLADNESS.

This must be served hot. No two housekeepers make it alike; no fixed rule can be given for it. It depends, like so many of the best things, chiefly on memory; but strangely enough, it depends quite as much on proper forgetting as on proper remembering. Worries must be forgotten. Troubles must be forgotten. Yes, even sorrow itself must be denied and sent out. Perhaps this is not quite possible. Ah! we all have seen Christmas days on which sorrow would not leave our hearts nor our houses. But even sorrow can be compelled to look away from its sorrowing for a festival hour which is so solemnly joyous as Christ's Birthday. Memory can be filled full of other things to be remembered. No soul is entirely destitute of blessings, absolutely without comfort. Perhaps we have but one. Very well; we can think steadily of that one, if we try. But the probability is that we have more than we can count. No man has yet numbered the blessings, the mercies, the joys of God. We are all richer than we think, and if we once set ourselves to reckoning up the things of which we are glad, we shall be astonished at their number.

Gladness, then, is the first item, the first course on our bill of fare for a Christmas dinner.

Entrees.—LOVE garnished with Smiles.

GENTLENESS, with sweet-wine sauce of Laughter.

GRACIOUS SPEECH, cooked with any fine, savory herbs, such as Drollery, which is always in season, or *Pleasant Reminiscence*, which no one need be without, as it keeps for years, sealed or unsealed.

Second Course.—HOSPITALITY.

The precise form of this also depends on individual preferences. We are not undertaking here to give exact recipes, only a bill of fare.

In some houses Hospitality is brought on surrounded with Relatives. This is very well. In others, it is dished up with Dignitaries of all sorts; men and women of position and estate for whom the host has special likings or uses. This gives a fine effect to the eye, but cools quickly, and is not in the long run satisfying.

In a third class, best of all, it is served in simple shapes, but with a great variety of Unfortunate Persons—such as lonely people from lodging-houses, poor people of all grades, widows and children in their affliction. This is the kind most preferred; in fact, never abandoned by those who have tried it.

For Dessert.—MIRTH, in glasses.

GRATITUDE and FAITH beaten together and piled up in snowy shapes. These will cook light if run over night in the molds of Solid Trust and Patience.

A dish of the bonbons *Good Cheer* and *Kindliness* with every-day mottoes; Knots and Reasons in shape of *Puzzles and Answers*; the whole ornamented with Apples of Gold in pictures of Silver, of the kind mentioned in the Book of Proverbs.

This is a short and simple bill of fare. There is not a costly thing in it; not a thing which can not be procured without difficulty.

If meat is desired, it can be added. That is another excellence about our bill of fare. It has nothing in it which makes it incongruous with the richest or the plainest tables. It is not overcrowded by the addition of roast goose and plum-pudding; it is not harmed by the addition of herring and potatoes. Nay, it can give flavor and richness to broken bits of stale bread served on a doorstep and eaten by beggars.

We might say much more about this bill of fare. We might, perhaps, confess that it has an element of the supernatural; that its origin is lost in obscurity; that, although, as we said, it has never been printed before, it has been known in all ages; that the martyrs feasted upon it; that generations of the poor, called blessed by Christ, have laid out banquets by it; that exiles and prisoners have lived on it; and the despised and forsaken and rejected in all countries have tasted it. It is also true that when any great king ate well and throve on his dinner, it was by the same magic food. The young and the free and the glad, and all rich men in costly houses, even they have not been well fed without it.

And though we have called it a Bill of Fare for a Christmas Dinner, that is only that men's eyes may be caught by its name, and that they, thinking it a specialty for festival, may learn and understand its secret, and henceforth, laying all their dinners according to its magic order, may "eat unto the Lord."

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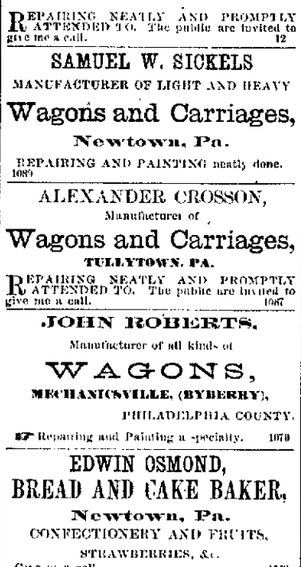

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N. B.—JEWELRY will be mounted on cardboard and sold in lots at a REDUCTION OF FIFTY TO ONE HUNDRED PER CENT., for instance: Jewelry that sold originally at $3.00 will be sold for $1.00; that which originally sold for $1.50 to $2.00 will be sold for 50 cents.
Now is the Time for Great Bargains!
J. H. BOSTWICK & CO.,
194 Successors to J. B. Pennington.

THOMAS B. HARKINS,
MANUFACTURER of IRON FENCE.
A Large Variety of Cast and Wrought Iron Fence, from $1.50 to $2.25 Per Foot, put up.
STRENGTH AND BEAUTY COMBINED.
Those that are inclined to patronize home industry can be suited in price and quality by calling and seeing for themselves.
BREAD PANS, CELLAR GRATINGS, PLOW CASTINGS,
PATENT SHUTTER FASTENER, and other small articles for sale cheap.
ALL KINDS OF FINE CASTINGS MADE TO ORDER.
Foundry—Dorrance Street, west of Railroad, Bristol.
11

MRS. J. MERRICK BROWN,
No. 45 Mill Street three doors below Wood St.
JUST RECEIVED, A NEW SUPPLY OF
DRESS GOODS, TRIMMINGS, EMBROIDERIES, LACES.
A Full Line of Hosiery, from 10 Cents up.
GENTS', LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR.
FULL ASSORTMENT OF CORSETS FROM 50 CENTS UP.
A Complete Assortment of Ribbons, all widths and shades.
Also, GREAT VARIETY OF HUMAN HAIR,
Imitation Goods, Curls, Frizzles, Rolls and Braids. Combings made up in any form. Perfumery, Stationery, &c., WHITMAN'S CHOICE CONFECTIONERY, Sewing Machine Needles and Oil. Pinking and Stamping done.
Making my purchases at the lowest cash prices and selling at small profit, I am enabled to sell as low as can possibly be purchased in Philadelphia or elsewhere. 103

JOSEPH SHERMAN,
MANUFACTURER OF
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,
SHUTTERS AND FRAMES,
Siding and Flooring,
MOULDING AND BRACKETS,
IN EVERY VARIETY.
Mill—Dorrance Street, west of Railroad,
69 BRISTOL, PA.

Boatman's Grocery Store,
LOCK NO. 3, ON CANAL.
LEWIS WOOLMAN.
EVERYTHING IN THE BOATING LINE, CONSTANTLY ON HAND. 891

CHARLES W. OSMOND,
Bread and Cake Baker,
NO. 101 MILL STREET, East Side Canal Bridge,
920 BRISTOL, PA.

Miscellaneous.

CYRUS HILLBORN. H. C. WORSTALL.
HILLBORN & WORSTALL,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
HARDWARE IRON AND STEEL,
WOODEN-WARE, Tin-Ware and Slate Mantels, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Turpentine, French and American Window Glass, Putty, Fertilizers, Cement, Calcined Plaster, Marble Dust, Building Sand, Spokes, Felloes, Hubs, and manufacturers of Fifth-Wheels. Agents for Ladin & Rand's Powder Company. NEWTOWN, BUCKS COUNTY, PA. 1041

DEACON'S FANCY MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT,
94 High Street, Burlington, N. J.
MILLINERY GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION FOR FALL AND WINTER.
TRIMMED HATS, Ostrich Feathers, French Flowers, Black Velvets, Ribbons, Laces and Veils, Kid Gloves, Embroideries, Silk and Lace Ties, Linen Handkerchiefs, Collars and Cuffs, Trimmings, Fancy Goods, Hosiery, Notions, &c. 110

DR. JAMES B. CANBY,
DENTIST,
Attleboro', Pa.
GRADUATE of Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery, inserts Artificial Teeth with scientific and mechanical accuracy, and an artistic taste not to be excelled. Patients waited upon at their residences, when desired, without additional charge. 1042

BOUTCHER & SIMONS,
DEALERS IN
LUMBER, COAL;
WOOD, LIME, FERTILIZERS.
West Philadelphia Drove Yard Manure And Horse Stable Manure.
Cornwell's Depot, Bucks County, Pa.
BUILDING LUMBER of all kinds on hand, or furnished to order. COAL of the best qualities, and lowest rates. 107

WATSON & BUCKMAN,
NEWTOWN STEAM SAW MILL,
AND
PLANING MILL AND LUMBER YARD,
IS THE PLACE TO GET DRY LUMBER AND SMOOTH MILL WORK. 37

PAXSON PURSEL,
NEWTOWN, PA.,
Dealer in
DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
Gents' Furnishing Goods, Ladies' and Children's Boots and Shoes.
Advertises by selling goods cheap, and only pays for this space for the benefit of the paper. 986

Z. TAYLOR BLINN,
Cigar Manufacturer,
NEWPORTVILLE, PA.
CIGARS of all kinds constantly on hand. Give me a call, and I guarantee you satisfaction both in quality and price. Special attention paid to orders. 973

JOHN CRAFT,
Carriage Builder,
44 WEST BROAD STREET,
BURLINGTON, N. J.
A LARGE assortment of first-class and second-hand Carriages for sale or exchange. First-class work only. Repairing neatly attended to. 1064

"MAGNOLIA" FLOUR MILLS.
J. R. MOON,
Dealer in
Flour, Feed, Grain, &c.
CHOICE FAMILY FLOUR A Specialty.
1008
S. T. BUCKMAN. A. W. WATSON

WILLIAM TERNESON,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
BOOTS AND SHOES.
The finest and latest Styles of work for Ladies and Gents. FIRST CLASS BOOTS made a specialty. SOLE LEATHER and UPPERS of all descriptions constantly on hand and to be had at city prices. Store at Corner Mill & Pond Sts.,
672 BRISTOL, PA.

SAMUEL GOSLIN,
DEALER IN
HORSE POWERS AND THRESHERS,
Corn Shellers, Cutting Boxes, Sausage Cutters, &c.
I make my Sausage Cutter a specialty, believing it to cut more meat in the same time than any other Chopper for the same amount of money invested.
REPAIRING of all kinds promptly attended to.
Newportville, Bucks County, Pa. 93

Bristol.

YOUR SPECIAL ATTENTION
Is Called to the Assortment of
DRY GOODS,
KEPT BY
M. A. WALMSLEY,
Such as Bleached and Unbleached Muslin.
Such as Calicoes in pieces and in remnants.
Such as Cassimers, light and dark.
Such as Table Linens, bleached and unbleached.
Such as Gray Flannels, all grades.
Such as White Flannels, all wool and half cotton.
Such as Water-Proof Cloakings.
Such as Toweling, all kinds.
The above mentioned goods we are daily receiving fresh invoices, which we intend to sell to the satisfaction of every customer.
Fancy Groceries
In variety, at the lowest market prices.
Respectfully,
M. A. WALMSLEY,
21 Mill and Radcliffe Streets.

B. F. ALLEN,
42 Radcliffe St., corner of Mulberry,
DEALER IN
DRY GOODS,
TRIMMINGS, NOTIONS, &C.
JUST RECEIVED—A FULL LINE OF
Spring Dress Goods,
Which is offered at the most reasonable cash prices.
Also,
FLOWERS of every description
Constantly on hand. Fifty per cent. less than usual price.
A full line of PLAIN AND FANCY
GROCERIES.
Foreign and Domestic Fruits. Tomatoes 12½ cents per can.
N. B.—We also call the attention of the public to a fine assortment of ALEXANDRE KID GLOVES, only 50 cents per pair. 1051

J. V. FOSTER,
NO. 33 MILL STREET, BRISTOL.
DEALER IN
DRY-GOODS,
GROCERIES,
AND
Provisions.
A full line of fine Groceries and Vegetables in season.
☞ COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange.
24

Groceries & Provisions.
A Child can buy as Cheap as a Man.
GEORGE C. GILLINGHAM,
At the Old Established
Grocery, Provision & Notion Store,
Dorrance St., bet. Wood & Pond Sts.
Respectfully informs his friends that he still keeps constantly on hand a full and complete stock of Groceries, Provisions and Notions, which will compare favorably with anything in the market, and is prepared to furnish his customers with good articles and Reasonable Prices which he defies competition to undersell. Also, a good assortment of Notions, &c., on hand. PARTIES AND FAMILIES SUPPLIED IN THEIR SEASON.

REMOVAL.
P. O. HUTCHINS
Would inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed to the Corner of
Wood and Market Streets,
where he will continue to keep on hand an assortment of FAMILY GROCERIES, Dried and Canned Fruits; also Confectioneries and Notions, Tobacco and Cigars. Fruits and Vegetables in their season. All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods. 20

J. H. SOOY,
Dealer in
Groceries, Provisions,
AND CANNED GOODS,
N. W Corner Mill and Cedar Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.
SUGARS, TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES, &c. All Kinds of Fruits and Vegetables in Summer, at the lowest cash prices. 1088

At J. Milnor's Store,
Corner of Wood and Washington Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.,
Can always be found a full line of
Fine Groceries and Provisions,
consisting in part of
DRIED BEEF, PREPARED HAM, BUTTER, LARD, TEAS and COFFEE.
And in fact, everything in the Grocery Line. 18

ADOLPH MITCHEL,
Dealer in
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
Lock No. 2, on Canal,
BRISTOL, PA.
A general assortment of fine Groceries cheap for cash. Give us a call. 1039

J. R. HAMILTON,
DRUGGIST,
No. 63 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
Drugs, Medicines, Paints,
OILS,